SICK-ROOM THOUGHTS AND GLEANINGS

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SICK-ROOM

Thoughts & Gleanings.

BY

MAGGIE P. ANDERSON.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught.
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts.

Shelley.

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INTRODUCTION.

The writing of those "Thoughts and Gleanings" has enabled me to endure hour after hour of severe suffering and weariness in the still night watches, when the world around me seemed hushed in slumber, and no sound disturbed the almost painful stillness between midnight and early dawn.

If one soul similarly situated shall gain one helpful, comforting thought from my experience, while passing through the deep waters of physical and mental suffering, I shall not have suffered in vain, neither shall I have written in vain.

I desire to express my grateful thanks for the many kindnesses of my numerous friends and acquaintances during my long continued illness.

May Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon those dear ones, and may they be enriched with all spiritual and temporal blessings.

May God's blessing rest with Divine power in fullness of His love upon this little book, and may He in Spirit and in truth, go forth with each and every copy.

"Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death."

—*Mrs. Browning.*

"Patience doth conquer by out-suffering all."

—*Peele.*

M. P. A.

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Sick-Room Thoughts and Gleanings.

FIRST DAY.

Midnight Thoughts.

The floods of sorrow and billows of affliction have well nigh overwhelmed me. Has God forsaken me? No. God hath said: "I will never leave thee, never forsake thee." I do believe God, and I will trust in Him.

Thus I muse while lying on my bed in severe pain, during the silent watches of the night, when all the world seems hushed in silent slumber, and no sound is heard to disturb the almost painful stillness of my sick-room, save the ticking of the clock as it marks the fleeting moments, which are steadily and swiftly passing away to be numbered with the things of eternity.

"What makes the good Christian? Perpetual trial. He who has experienced the severest storms, and most frequently thrown out the Christian anchor, has the strongest hope. Where shall we expect the firmest faith? At the gate of St. Peter's or at the martyr's stake? Who is compared to purified silver or gold? That Christian around whose soul God hath kindled the fires of His furnace, and kept them glowing till it reflected His image."—*Bishop Thompson.*

Have we swerved from the paths of righteousness? Yes. All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. God is calling us to return unto Him.

retrace our steps, until we shall again walk in the paths of righteousness. God strengthen us to obey Him, and trust Him for abundant pardon. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Thus saith the Lord: "I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine." As our Saviour calls your name, are you not thrilled with its pathos? Are you not melted with the depth and obedience of Calvary love? At the remembrance of His dying agony for you, are you not pierced to the heart? And when He whispers loving, comforting and sympathetic words in the silent night watches, and you listen to His precious invitation, "Come unto Me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," can you resist the pleading love of Calvary? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He will sustain thee."

"You who are hedged in by untoward circumstances, seeing the sea before you, and the mountains forbidding retreat, and no escape, let me say, 'Stand still and see the salvation of God.' His mercy will provide a way even though it be through the flood, and while to lead you in the way there may be no banner of fire nor pillar of cloud, our Father will lead you out of bondage into the freedom of His abundant grace."—*Rev. Warren Hathaway.*

For His name's sake, dear reader, His love shall be unfailing, His vigilance sleepless, His faithfulness unchanging, His love for you through eternity passing knowledge. We shall never outgrow our need of His guidance and Christ will not abandon us half way.

"Though foes assail me, yea, within, without,
Harass my soul, and hurl my joys in dust;
No forceful fear nor fraud of treacherous doubt
Disarms my buckled trust.

"Yea, though thou slay me, and supine I cower
Heart pierced and bleeding from the fiery thrust,
I know there waits in Heaven a glorious hour
To crown my sacred trust." —*Paul H. Hayne.*

In every fiery test of temptation or trial, in every affliction, in every dark or awful moment of your life, hold fast to the promise of God's sufficiency. God's promises of refuge, deliverance, protection and guidance refer to our souls.

"Oh, by every tear which God has wiped from your eyes, by every anxiety which He has soothed, by every fear which He has dispelled, by every want which He has supplied, by every mercy which He has bestowed, strengthen yourselves for all that awaits you through the remainder of your life; look onward if it must be so, to new trials, to increased perplexities; yea, even to death itself; but look on what is past as well as what is to come, and you will be enabled to say of Him in whose hands are your times, His future dealings will be what His former has been, fulfilments of the promise. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"—*Between the Lights.*

Lean Hard.

"Child of My love, 'Lean Hard,'
And let me feel the pressure of thy care,
I know thy burden; child, I shaped it,
Poised it on Mine own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength.
Before ever I laid it on I said
I shall be ever near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be Mine not hers.
So shall I keep My child within My circling arms
Of Mine own love. Here lay it down, not fear
To impose it on shoulders which upholds
The governments of worlds. Yet closer come
Thou art not near enough, I would embrace thy care
So I might feel My child reposing on My heart.
Thou lovest Me? I doubt it not;
Then loving Me, 'Lean Hard.'"

SECOND DAY.

Repentance.

"Wounds of the soul, though healed, will ache;
The reddening scars remain and make
Confession;
Lost innocence returns no more;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

"But noble souls through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And conscious still of the Divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer."

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

BISHOP HUNTINGTON says: "Judging by the fifty-first Psalm, there has been no repentance more thorough-going than David's. On that ground he and we meet together. What he said we can say. What he felt, though his heart was under a royal robe, we can feel. Our mortal nothingness, our inability to cope with each day's dangers, our utter dependance on the grace of God. Helps we have that he had not. He was but the son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite, after all, and had never heard — what every worshipper in Christ's church has heard — the Divine story that afterwards began at that same Bethlehem and ended at the cross. He knew not the Master and Redeemer, as we know Him. He only knew that he wanted Him in his heart and in his flesh. Blessed are all they that know that now."

"Tears fill my eyes, and falling on my face,
Betoken deepest sorrow for my sin;
The world is dark, but when I look within,
A deeper darkness seems to take its place;
The past is but a record of disgrace;
The present is a threshold; I begin
To step it over, but there hangs between
A hiding vale whose threads close interlace.
O for some light to cheer the darksome way!
O for some voice to speak a word of peace!
I look, and lo! a kindly heavenly ray;
I listen, and His 'Come!' bids doubting cease.
Before Thy cross, O Christ, I humbly fall,
I can do nothing, Thou must do it all."

How shall we obtain the peace of forgivness?

"We can never be at peace until we have performed the highest duty of all — till we have arisen and gone to our Father." — *George Macdonald.*

The perfect character of Christ merits our trust, and the chatisement of our peace was upon Him. We are resolved and determined to take up the cross of Christ and bear it gladly for our Saviour s sake; and already hope changes the rugged and thorny into fountains of refreshments in the wilderness of this world. We are rich in hope when we see how sweetly he disposeth all things after the counsel of His own will, and permeates and visits us like the sweet refreshing shower from heaven. "Come unto Me," saith Jesus; and we came just as we were — guilty, lost and helpless sinners, in response to His loving invitation, and He hath cleansed us in His blood. We went empty, hungry and weary, and Jesus received, filled and satisfied us. He, my Saviour, has done it all.

"Any man may, if he will, have his whole nature influenced and inhabited by that mighty Spirit, of whom we may all be temples, and which dwells in us, not as the image of the gods abides in the shrine, but as our spirits animate our

bodies, being diffused through all our nature, the eye of our seeing, the heart of our love, the will of our resolve, and in all of us the source of our goodness and the life of our better life. 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' Let us remember that this penetration of all our nature with a Divine Spirit dwelling within us is the promise of Christianity to every man."—*Alexander McLaren, D. D.*

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Cleanse all who shall read this page in Thy blood, my Saviour and permeate us all with Thy Spirit of love, purity and power.

THIRD DAY.

Security in Christ.

"The way is dark, my child; but leads to light,
I would not always have thee walk by sight:
My dealings now, thou canst not understand,
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home my child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In Me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light, my child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee.
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand,
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate, my child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shall rest, my child!

The throng is great my child! But at thy side
Thy Father walks: then be not terrified!
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along, my child!

The cross is heavy child! Yet there was one
Who bore a heavier for thee: My Son,
My well beloved. For Him bear thine; and stand
With Him at last; and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown, my child."

—*H. N. Cobb.*

OUR Redeemer has said: "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved and shall go in and out and find pasture." Yes, truly those of us, whom God has shut in, to experience year in and year out, dull companionship of pain and continual weariness of extreme suffering and weakness, most assuredly we "go in and out and find pasture"; we have abundant freedom and abundant spiritual food in Christ. We are secure in Christ. The precious blood of Christ can never loose its power and virtue. God is just and holy; His word is truth, and all His promises are sure.

"You think that you could never have been a martyr, yet women more timid, and children more delicate, have won and worn that crown; nearer to the flame they were nearer to Christ, and as the balmy winds of Paradise beat upon their foreheads while the fire roared about their feet, so believe me, it will be with you. I have known martyrs here — boys ungifted and unattractive, boys neglected and despised, yet so firm in their innocence, so steadfast in their faith, that no evil thing had power to hurt them. Every day their struggle was easier; every day their faith more happy. Weak, unloved, and single-handed, they overcome the world. And why? O, if by any passing interest attaches to the accident of these last words, I would that I could leave you this thought as an indelible impression. Why? Because God is faithful."— *Archdeacon Farrar.*

Give Thine angels charge over us, and keep us in the hollow of Thine hand all the days of our lives; and enlighten

our minds in the knowledge of Christ, and renew our strength in all things according to Thine will, and may we mount up as with the wings of an eagle, so that we shall run and not be weary and walk and not faint.

"Living from day to day beneath His eye, and where all things are ordered by a Divine Providence. As carefully as a mother arranges the room where her child will pass the day, does God prepare each hour that opens before me. Whatever has to be done, it is His will that I should do it, and in order that it should be done well, He provides the necessary time, intelligence, aptitude and knowledge.

Whatever of suffering presents itself, He expects me to bear it, even though I may not see any reason for it, and if the pain be so sharp as to call forth a cry, He gently whispers: 'Courage, My child, for it is My will.'" — *Gold Dust.*

Truly, God's love is unbounded, the foundation of all happiness, present and future, He is altogether such a Saviour as I need. I am very unworthy; but He is worthy. I am weak, but He is strong. I am by nature and practice sinful and polluted, but His efficacious blood cleanseth from all sin. The God of love defends His own, and can bring light out of darkness, good out of evil. All the promises of God in Christ Jesus, are yea and amen to those who believe in Him.

All is yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ's is God's. We are secure in Christ. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."

FOURTH DAY.

Our Home Influence.

TRULY has it been said, that "our duties are like the circles of a whirlpool, and the innermost includes home."

By our deportment in our homes, by our conduct and conversation, by the attitude we assume toward our parents and brothers and sisters in our family circle, by the friendships we form, by our dispositions, tempers, talents and affections, we are continually increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness. There is no middle path. If we are not instruments of good, we are instruments of evil. Even the most obscure individual exerts an influence which must be felt in the great brotherhood of mankind. Let us never forget in our intercourse with our own family that there are duties and responsibilities involved as well as privileges and pleasures. Which member of the family group can say: I have no influence? Do we not frequently find that the oldest member of the family — either the oldest brother or sister — becomes the oracle of the rest, either of good or evil; consciously or unconsciously modifying and influencing the conduct as well as the motive of all with whom they are brought in contact; but more especially those of our own family and kindred? Will my sisters and brothers — when I shall have passed from among them — and God only knows how soon that may be — be the better or the worse for my presence, for my influence?

'Tis a solemn question, a solemn thought, and may well make us pause and consider our attitude and deportment in

our intercourse with each other. God give unto us, the oldest member of the circle, Thy Spirit of Wisdom, that we may be "wise as the serpent and harmless as the dove."

"We are forgetting that the mightest power in the world, next only to the Spirit of God Himself, is the power of Christ-like character. It were well, therefore, that the voices among us were less noisy and the deeds more pronounced. Better a star than a meteor; better a beacon that is steady, than a marsh fire that is flickering and changeful. Life is more potent than words. By life, 'without a word,' things will be accomplished which could not be secured even by the most glowing words without the life." — *W. M. Taylor, D. D.*

The Everlasting Memorial.

"Up and away, like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun,
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb all forgotten,
The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won;
Unthought of by man, in rewards or in praises,—
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset,
That sweetens the twilight as darkness comes on;
So be my life,—a thing felt, but not noticed,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it come from are closed up and gone,
So would I be, to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record,
The name and the epitaph graved on the stone?
The things we have lived for, let them be our story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing,
(As its Summer and Autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed of its season:
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in Spring I have sown;
He who plowed, and who sowed, is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done."

—*Bonar.*

There are those who occupy the position of the oldest member in the family group; how fearful is our responsibility! When the younger members of our family circle come to us for counsel in moments of disappointment and irritation, or for comfort in the time of sorrow or distress: when they look up to us and say: "What must I do? How shall I act?" It is most important that we should carefully and prayerfully weigh each word ere we give it utterance. ere we assume the responsibility.

"May it not be a comfort to these of us who feel that we have not the mental or spiritual powers that others have, to notice that the living sacrifice mentioned in Romans xii: 1, is our bodies? Of course that includes the mental powers, but does it not also include the loving, sympathetic glance,

the kind, encouraging word, the ready errand performed for another, the work of our hands, opportunities for all of which come oftener in the day than for the mental power we are often tempted to envy? May He enable us to offer that which we have." — *From Daily Strength.*

Common life and the most trivial deeds may be ennobled when the work that is done is done not from necessity, but from love; love that is willing to sacrifice something for the good of another, or for another's benefit or happiness. Christ showed the nobleness of self-sacrifice for the good of others, prompted by the one true motive — Love.

That spirit of love that suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, love that never faileth. That spirit, we pray Thee, give unto us. God give unto us, the oldest members of the family group, Thy Spirit of love. May love rule in our hearts and in our homes, and may we "serve" because we "love."

"If an outward trouble or inward pain be needful, to make of me but for one moment a consoling angel to some poor, lowly heart, oh! however keen the pain, or bitter the trouble, I pray you grant it to me, Jesus." — *From Gold Dust.*

God grant unto us who shall read this page, and those who have written it, the character of Christ, the sympathy and love of Christ, and may our home influence be of the spirit of Christ.

FIFTH DAY.

The Value of Little Things.

Do thy little, do it well,
Do what right and reason tell;
Do what wrong and sorrow claim,
Conquer sin and cover sname.

Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made;
Gathered fragments when He bade.

Do thy little; never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though the men who ought to smile,
Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little; never fear
While thy Saviour standeth near
Let the world its javelins throw.
On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little; God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade:
Smallest stars their glory bring,
God employeth every thing.

Do thy little, and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
E're has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death.

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little want with care relieved,

Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,
Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne.
These shall crown the pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies." —*Cheering Words.*

"Each day is like a furrow lying before us; our thoughts, desires and actions are the seed that each minute we drop into it, without seeming to perceive it. The furrow finished, we commence upon another, then another, and again another; each day presents a fresh one, and so on to the end of life. Sowing, ever sowing. And all we have sown springs up, grows and bears fruit, almost unknown to us, even if by chance we cast a backward glance, we fail to recognize our work.

Behind us, angels and demons, like gleaners, gather together in sheaves all that belongs to them. Every night their store is increased. They perserve it, and at the last day will present it to their master. Is there not a thought in this that should make us reflect?" — *Gold Dust.*

God, "Our Father" will frequently permit us to minister to others a word at the needful moment, and He will bless it; just as He did the word of the little maid in the house of Naaman the Syrian.

A very little circumstance, a trifling kindness, a very little sympathy when the heart is sore over recent loss, a very few kind words done and spoken have e're this been powerful for good.

Often we are tempted to sit down and weep, we are so weary, and we begin to doubt and hang our harps in the willows.

But a friendly voice is near, and bids us "be of good courage," and a friendly hand is laid in sympathy on our aching heads, and seems to rest in benediction upon it, stilling the fierce throbbing temples, and seeming to diffuse around us an amount of good and happiness, by only showing a smiling face and a kind heart, and speaking cheery words of encouragement to us in our moments of despondency by reason of our infirmities. Are we watchful to take advantage of every opportunity? Do we try to make those around us better and happier? Dear reader will you try? Will you render unto God the best services of your life?

"A popular authoress tells us that she longs to be like the church bells, uttering a 'holy' over all human activity — over all striving and all suffering — over all the happy; as if they had said, 'Come, ye sorrowing; ye gay and thoughtless ones; ye weary and heavy laden ones. Come and hear God's message of redeeming love'!"

Every person is continually operating for good or evil upon all connected with him. Shall we not, then, put forth every effort to cheer, soothe and minister to the happiness of each other, as we pass through this world. "If you cannot do a kind deed, speak a kind word; if you cannot speak a kind word, think a kind thought."

"Living to Christ in small things and living for Christ every day is the secret of large faithfulness."

"A peach tree or an orange does not leap into a bounty of fruit by one spasmodic effort; an orchard does not ripen under a single day's sunshine. Every raindrop, every sunbeam, every inch of subsoil does its part. A fruitful Christian is a growth. To finish up a godly character by a mere religion of Sundays and sermons and sacraments and revivals and special seasons is impossible. A man may be converted in an instant, but he must grow by the year. The tough fibre of the slender branch that can hold up a half bushel of

oranges is very different from a little willow switch; it is the steady compacting process that makes that little limb like a steel wire. Such is a healthy and holy believer's life. Every honest prayer that is breathed, every cross that is carried, every trial that is well endured, every good work for our fellow-men lovingly done, every little act that is conscientiously performed for Christ's glory, helps to make the Christian character beautiful, and to load its broad boughs with 'apples of gold' for God's basket of silver."—*Dr. Cuyler.*

"We long to do great things, so we neglect
Oft times to do the little things we can,—
The common daily duties,—while we plan
Some grand high effect."

SIXTH DAY.

Without Carefulness.

IS it God's will that I should be free from care? you ask. Yes. God does not mean that we are to be shiftless, negligent, or indifferent in things concerning our temporal and spiritual welfare. God would have us "acknowledge Him in all our ways," use all due caution in our domestic life, all diligence in our school life, all honesty in our business dealings; "doing all as unto the Lord," and all energy and earnestness in our spiritual life. He would not have us overanxious, taking unnecessary thought, and worried over the most trivial things. God would have us do our best, and having done our best, using caution, He would have us leave the result with Him — "casting all our care upon Him," assured He careth for us.

"Careful for nothing, prayerful for everything, thankful for anything." — *D. L. Moody.*

"O Lord, what thou sayest is true. Thy care for me is greater than all the care that I can take for myself."—*Thos. A. Kempis.*

"Cast all thy care on God. See that all thy care be such as thou can'st cast on God, and then hold none back. Cast thy whole self, even this very care which distresseth thee, upon God."— *E. B. Pansy.*

Do look at this promise, dear reader: "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus," for of course it applies to you as well as to me. Shall we not drink deeply of its fullness and be refreshed

with its sweetness? What is your special need to-day? He has promised to "supply all your need," and "all" means ALL. Yes, God has pledged Himself to "supply all our need." Shall we not trust God unquestioningly and fully—trust Him in the gloom as well as in the sunshine; trust Him when the paths we are treading are dark as well as light and clear and pleasant to journey through, when friends are few, and we seem alone, and in want, and utterly helpless? God has pledged Himself to "supply all our need," and God cannot lie.

Let us see to it, that we fulfill the conditions, and appropriate the promises. God strengthen us in the name of Jesus our Saviour, to yield ourselves entirely unto Thee, and lie perfectly passive in Thy hand, and give Thee an opportunity of showing unto us the exceeding greatness of Thy exceeding great love.

Let this promise ring through our minds and hearts with its sweetness, saith the Lord: "My people shall be satisfied with My goodness."

Why do we so often remain unsatisfied, yea, and dissatisfied when God says: "Ask and ye shall receive," and "open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." "Taste and see that the Lord is good," and you shall be "abundantly satisfied." May our daily life be one glad thanksgiving to Thee.

"He Careth."

"What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife—
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sorrows be;
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake;
When love and music that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness;
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries for a God that cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do,
To stay in its course to help me through;
And I long for a Saviour. Can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that Heart above,
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for he is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;
The sorrow that bows me down He bears,
And loves, and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again;
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety for He is nigh.
Can that be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care."

—*Marianne Farmingham*

SEVENTH DAY.

Daily Strength — How Obtained.

"IT is not once a month, not once a week, but every day, particularly every morning, that we should be spiritually awakened and united to Christ by prayer, if we do not want the Spirit to yield during the course of the day, to some desire or weakness of the flesh. For the best among us is still capable of doing the worst, and the fall may be as unexpected as heavy. It is beyond comprehension how quickly the best disposed man, the most devoted to Christ, if he is not prepared by watchfulness and prayer, can be surprised and led astray. There is a way that leads back from the bottom of the precipice to the glorious summit; but there is also a steep path which in a moment leads from the most brilliant summit to the darkest abyss." — *Professor Godet.*

"The little worries which we meet each day,
May lie as stumbling blocks across our way;
Or we may make them stepping stones to be,
Of grace, O Lord, to Thee."

"Take the world as it is, and try to make it what it ought to be."

Spurgeon says: "Use men and things as you find them. Do not despair because they are not so good as they ought to be, or might be; but set to work to improve rather than censure."

There are days when we are spiritually depressed. Burdens seem to be multiplied. We are so weary, and we do not know why, but everything seems tangled, and we are so utterly helpless, and inadequate to meet and battle with the doubts and discouragements of life.

But God draws near unto us, and permeates, and penetrates our inmost being with such a sense of His all surrounding loving-kindness, and tender, watchful love and care over us, and His power invests us and strengthens us to face and conquer every foe.

"God gives thee a little light that thou mayest know thy duty. But He surrounds thee with much darkness that thou mayest know thy dependence. He rewards thy efforts after knowledge with some discoveries to encourage thee to persevere. He meets them with more difficulties to humble thy vain glory. He allows thee to ascend higher on the mount of prospect; but He causes the horizon to recede farther and farther from thy view. He reminds thee perpetually that thy improvement is to be eternal and thy career unending; that thou art to be ever learning, and yet never coming to the knowledge of the truth; that as thou must always remain finite forever and ever it will be true that thy thoughts and thy ways are not as His ways." — *Alonzo Potter.*

"The surest method of arriving at a knowledge of the Eternal purpose of God about us, is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back." — *F. W. Faber.*

We must acknowledge daily, hourly, yea, every moment, the character and power of Jesus, our Redeemer, and push forward, knowing that wither He calls us He will go with all His inspiration and His sympathy and strength. As Christ's chosen and redeemed children let us live in Him.

"As Christ means us to abide by His choice of us, He expects that we shall abide by our choice of Him."—*Professor Marcus Dods.*

"In crooked ways I read thy golden scroll.
The pledge of everlasting help to me;
I read, am strengthened; though the billows roll
Thou sayest: 'My child, I am ever with thee,'
Ever, my Saviour, till the earth doth end—
Yea, through the ages of eternity,
Until I see Thee—Shepherd—Friend—
I cling to this: 'Thou art ever with me.'"

—*From At the Beautiful Gate.*

EIGHTH DAY.

Epistles Known and Read.

SO often we are tempted to think that our gifts and our prayers have been in vain. And we have been tempted to think that we in our isolated positions have no influence. But there are none who live detached lives. There is no such thing as a detached and isolated individual; we are inextricably tied up and interlaced with each other; and we cannot live or act without affecting others in some degree. There are those, we are told, who exert on others "a moral power resembling the effects of a climate upon the rude and rugged marble: every roughness is by degrees smoothed off, and even the coloring becomes subdued into calm harmony with all the features of its allotted position."

May God give unto us an attractive influence for Christ by the simple setting forth of that love which "suffereth long and is kind," and "which seeketh not her own," as we lie on our beds of suffering, and weakness and weariness, "enduring as seeing Him who is invisible."

May we be "living epistles" of Christ in our daily life, and in our conversation, deportment and services. "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

"The refiner sits looking on upon the crucible until he sees his own image reflected upon the liquid metal; the process is then complete." Those of us who are shut in to

experience the dull companionship of pain and weakness, day in and day out, week after week, and month after month, and year after year, utterly incapacitated, have temptations which are unknown to those in the full vigor of health, and engaged in the busy routine of life, as we are exempt from many of the trials and temptations besetting those who are continually using both mental and physical power while passing through the whirl and routine of life. Shall not we, "Shut-ins," "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us," and surrounds us, and surrender "soul" and "body" as a "living sacrifice," and "run with patience the race that is set before us."

We shall be preserved from the snare of the fowler and sheltered from the storms of life under His wings; kept as the apple of His eye, and guided with His counsel, and eventually given an abundant entrance into the prepared "resting place," which our Saviour is even now preparing for us."

"God's furnace doth in Zion stand,
But Zion's God sits by;
As a refiner views his gold,
With an observant eye."

Even so, Lord Jesus, would we "Shut-ins" have Thee prepare, purge, refine and purify us until we shall reflect Thine own image.

"A lighted lamp," writes McCheyne, "is a very small thing, yet it gives light to all who are in the house, and it burns camly and without noise."

Touch our hearts as with a live coal from off Thine altar, and may it burn and flame with love, gratitude and praise to the triune God of Love.

Oh, fill my heart with Thy likenesss, that I may reflect Thee, even in the midst of extreme pain and weakness, and this weariness of long continued suffering, to the same

degree, and may I reflect Thee as in "a mirror," and prove unto the world Thy mightiness to save. The world was made in six days, but the work of Grace may increase until the end of life. I recognize the exalted privilege, and claim the precious blood of Christ. "I am Thine, save me. I am Thine by creation, preservation, redemption and adoption."

Life's Tapestry.

"Too long have I, methought, with tearful eye,
Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and mused
Above each stitch awry, and thread confused;
Now will I think on what in years gone by,
I heard of them that weave rare tapestry
At royal looms—and how they constant use
To work on the rough side, and still peruse
The pictured pattern set above them high;
So will I set My Copy high above
And gaze and gaze, till on my spirit grows
Its gracious impress; till some line of love
Transformed upon my canvass, faintly glows;
Nor look too much on warp or woof, provide
He whom I work for sees their fairer side?"

—*Cheering Words.*

NINTH DAY.

Unceasing in Prayer.

WE have not only the command of God to be unceasing in prayer; but we have the example of the ancient servants of God, who successfully performed that duty. Abraham was a man of prayer and God blessed "Abraham in all things." Isaac was a man of prayer and God renewed His promise to him. Jacob was a man of prayer, and he wrestled with Him in prayer and prevailed. Moses also was a man of prayer, and he talked with the Almighty, face to face, as a man talketh with his friend, and the hand of the Lord was with him and He led the Children of Israel all through the wilderness, until he came in sight of the promised land. Joshua also was a man of prayer all his days, and he commanded the sun to stand still, and it was done, and his resolution was: "Let others do what they will, as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Elijah was a man of prayer and although a man of like passions with other men, yet he prayed that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months. Faith and prayer are the weapons of our warfare given us to fight the good fight of faith, and finish our course with joy, and obtain the crown of glory which shall never fade away.

"Always praying. Who? How? Why? When? Who? Everybody — men, all men. Rich, poor, young, old, colored, white, professors and non-professors of religion.

How? Like altars sending up the morning, noon and evening incense. Why? Because God, your Father and friend says so. 'No man succeeds in life who is not diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' The farmer's brow is bronzed with the summer's sun; wrinkled with the winter's blast. The merchant is always at his counting room, always studying his ledger. The bank becomes his sanctuary, his 'books,' his Bible. The student burns his midnight oil, and the more precious oil of the lamp of life. When? Always. Sick or well, at home or abroad, on land or on sea, in poverty's vale or abounding in wealth; when sorrow's clouds gather above you; when the sun shines or the rain pours." — *Rev. Thomas W. White.*

The Captain of our Salvation has not withdrawn to a safe retreat or height, leaving us to fight His battles; but as the first martyr saw Him standing in attitude of eager sympathy and swift help, so He is with all His struggling servants a presence nearer than all others, and never withdrawn from the truthful heart. His name is Immanuel,— God with us,— till the end of ages, when He shall take us from toil to rest, and 'so shall we ever be with the Lord,' who was 'with us' while change and sorrow and conflict pressed us sore." — *Alex. McLaren, D. D.*

"In a world," writes Archbishop Trench, "where there is so much to ruffle the spirit's plumes how needful that entering into the secret of His pavillion, which will bring us back from all sin and weariness to composure and peace! In a world where there is so much to sadden and depress, how blessed that communion with Him in whom is the one true source and fountain of all true gladness and abiding joy! In a world there's so much overseeking to unhallow our spirits, to render them common and profane, how high the privilege of consecrating them anew in prayer to God and holiness to God."

"Each day may be a sacred day,
And every spot a holiest place,
Where Christ doth manifest His grace;
Each day wherein men trust, obey
And love is an atonement day!
Their souls are sanctuaries where
Close curtained from the world of sin,
The covering cherubs brood within
Making amid earth's deserts bare
Holiest of holiest everywhere."

—*M. J. Preston.*

May God Himself aid us with His spirit to draw life, power, wisdom and patience in abundance from the exhaustless treasures of God's love. We shall ere long be summoned before the Throne of God, to enter into that city by the commanding word of God, and we shall meet old friends with new faces, and speak old words drawn from the exhaustless fountain of His love, and grace with new meaning, and fill Heaven's high arches with one glad new song.

TENTH DAY.

Following Our Shepherd.

SHEEP are the most innocent, harmless, and useful of all the quadruped race; and because of this, they have need of watchful, tender care, and require a watchful, tender shepherd. The value and imbecility of the sheep is the strongest reason why they should not divide from the shepherd's side, for united they are formidable and in their own fold they are safe.

What a lesson of duty, obligation and gratitude we are taught to our Divine Shepherd, and with what force and beauty are these things taught in John x.: 27.

Some of us are, and have been, "shut in" to the deeper experiences of the sick room and the various trials and temptations of years of extreme suffering; long sleepless, wearisome nights and days of mental and physical pain. There are moments and hours, yes, and even days, when we are tempted to doubt the reality of God. We have indeed spiritual enemies, and we have been a long time in the valley of shadows; and so often our hearts are sore and saddened, and in hours of grief too deep for words, we have realized that God knows the weakness of our flesh and "remembereth that we are but dust," and God comes to us even among the shadows and makes us sensible of His power and of His love and of Himself. Thus comes the "Sun of Righteousness" and illumines the darkness in our hearts. And after darkness comes the light which will shine in us and on us after days of sorrow and seeming defeat, and always groweth brighter and rests in hallowed and lingering benediction on the very border of time.

The Lord my Shepherd is seeking to lead me to-day in "green pastures." I am like the sheep, tired and restless, and need to be made to lie down in "green pastures." He restoreth my soul and He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.

"Remember that however strange the changes of life may seem to us—however dark or sad—we may be consoled by the thought that He who is wiser than the wisest parent, and kinder than the most tender shepherd, is guiding our affairs. He leads us into the wilderness of temptation sometimes, and He leads to 'green pastures' and causes us to rest beside the 'still waters of His love."—*Anon.*

After the shower comes the sunshine; after the storm comes the calm; after the sowing comes the reaping; and after our earthly pilgrimage, Heaven.

"The great difficulty is to feel the reality of both worlds, so as to teach its due place in our thoughts and feelings, to keep our mind's eye fixed and our heart's eye ever fixed on the land of promise, without looking away from the road we are to travel toward."—*Augustus Hare.*

We are following on to meet with those who are "gone before." We are filled with glad anticipations of sighs done; tears done; and rapture unparalleled.

"Whoever looks upon a map and casually reads the name of an almost unknown city on a foreign shore, cares but little about it, because he knows but little. But let a dear friend take up his abode in that city, and that unthought of spot on the map becomes luminous with interest to him. He cannot then learn enough about it. So we often open our Bibles, not heeding what they say about the city whose streets are pure gold, whose walls are gasper, having foundations garnished with all manner of precious stones. But when any one very dear to us has entered that city, and made his abode in that blissful place in an especial manner

wins our thoughts and affections. To learn about it is our delight and joy."— *J. M. Greene, D. D.*

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

"One of the most beautiful improvements of the Revised New Testament is that which makes Rev. vii.: 7. read thus: 'The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their Shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life.' Thus you see we follow in our eternal resting places. This carries into the Heavenly one of the most tender and profound relations which Jesus bears to His redeemed followers. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, and God hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. This tells the whole story as to the ground of my hope for salvation; this, too, establishes such a relation between me and my shepherd that I am under supreme obligation to follow Him wither He leadeth. If we ever expect to be guided by Him to the fountains of life and living waters in Heaven, we must learn to submit to His guidance completely."—*T. L. Cuyler, D. D.*

"I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide;
With a childlike trust I give my hand
To the Mighty Friend at my side.
And the only thing that I say to Him
As He takes it: 'Father hold it fast;
Suffer me not to lose my way
And lead me home at last.'"

ELEVENTH DAY.

Kept.

NOT kept from pain, sorrow, trial, temptation, sickness or dangers; but kept from the evil that surrounds us on every side, and kept from yielding to the evil that is all around us. While we are in the world, and sin and sorrow is all about us, we shall be tempted, we shall have sorrow and tribulation and anguish of spirit, and many a crisis hour; but if we are faithful to God and obedient, "Casting all our care upon Him," and all our weakness upon Him, we shall be "Kept by the power of God."

It should be our daily plea, even our hourly prayer, that God would keep us from all evil in the midst of every temptation, and keep us from falling; from the evil passions of our own nature, and from the evil in the world. We are Christ's before the foundation of the world. The word of Christ hath spoken it. When Jesus was praying in view of His coming agony, and the most important hour of His life, He prayed, not that we might be taken out of the world but that we might be kept from the evil in the world. He prayed in that crisis hour for His disciples. And He confessed that we were His. The disciples were standing by listening to that prayer. "How their hearts must have thrilled in surprise, when He confessed, 'Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me.' He called them, 'The men which Thou gavest Me out of the world.' Again and again He spoke of this source of this discipleship. Through Him

they were one with God. Even to their imperfect hearts, there must have been a strangely fascinating power in their new conceptions of their calling. It was a relationship sublime, uttered in the words, 'Thine they were; they all are Thine; and all Mine are Thine.' It seems strange that before the morrow's sun, Peter should have forgotten such language so far as to curse and swear as of old. The possibilities of the human heart are declared in the fact that before the morning's light all should forsake Him. 'Thine they were;' 'They are Thine.' They were vessels not yet fitted for the Master's use; but they should become such."—*Rev. D. D. Mears, D. D.*

Dear reader, we are to make Christ's light shine over all the world, "Like the reflectors of the lighthouses."

> "If Christians like their Lord will be,
> All men will lose their doubts and see
> How real is Christianity;
> What do they see in you, and say of you and me?"
>
> —*Marianne Farmingham.*

The story of our lives are quickly told. Three little words encompass it: Cradle, Altar and Grave; the innocence of infancy and early childhood, the blush of love and the pallor of death.

> "With Thee, my Lord, my God,
> I would desire to be
> By day, by night, at home, abroad,
> I would be still with Thee.
>
> With Thee, when dawn comes in
> And calls me back to care;
> Each day returning to begin
> With Thee, my God, in prayer.
>
> With Thee, amid the crowd
> That throngs the busy mart;
> To hear Thy voice, 'mid the clamours loud,
> Speak softly to my heart.

With Thee when day is done,
  And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun,
  With Thee my heart would find.

With Thee, when darkness brings
  The sequel of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
  Mine eyelids I would close.

With Thee, in Thee, by faith
  Abiding I would be:
By day, by night, in life, in death
  I would be still with Thee.

—*J. D. Burns.*

"The only real and truly Christian way of purity is to live in the world and not be of it, and keep the soul unspotted from the world. There are no fires that will melt our drossy and corrupt particles like God's refining fires of duty and trial, living as He sends us to live, in the open field of the world's sins and sorrows, its plausibilities and lies, its persecutions, animosities and fears, its eager delight and bitter wants." — *Horace Bushnell, D. D.*

TWELFTH DAY.

Unto Still Waters.

OUR Shepherd knows every inch of the road we are journeying and He knows the shortest way to "green pastures" and unto the "still waters," and He loves to pasture His flock in cosey nooks and make known unto us the sweetness of His love. He is especially exceedingly kind to the feeble, and helpless and suffering ones in His fold, and takes much care to manifest unto us the exceeding sweetness of His companionship.

He will provide "resting places," for us; He will guide us in a sure path, "though it be a rough one; though shadows hang upon it, yet he will bring us home at last. Through much trial, it may be, and weariness, in much fear and fainting, in much sadness and loneliness, in griefs that the world never knows and under burdens that the nearest never suspects. Yet He will suffice for all. By His eye or by His voice He will guide us, if we be docile and gentle; by His staff and by His rod, if we wander or are wilful; anyhow, and by all means, He will bring us to His rest."—*Cardinal Manning.*

"He leads us on.
By paths we did not know;
Upwards He leads, though our steps be slow,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know he leads us on."

—*From "The Shadow of The Rock."*

Our Saviour and Shepherd leadeth us in green pastures and causeth us to lie down, and refreshes us beside the still waters of His love.

We who are "shut in" by reason of our infirmity are prone to thoughts and desires which centre in the things of the earth. Evil is to be feared, not so much from the world around us as from the world within us. Listen. "I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes saith the Lord," our covenant keeping God; thus we shall have a new heart disposed to do His will. 'Tis ours only to obey Him and obey His conditions — obedience and unquestioning trust. Obedience not of the sinner, but of Christ, who has taken up His abode in our hearts, and in "quietness and confidence shall be our strength;" and we shall walk in the footsteps of our Shepherd, in the paths of righteousness for His name's-sake, and because of the love He bears us and we bear Him. "The effect of righteousness shall be quietness and assurance forever." We shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwelling places and quiet resting places even beside the still waters of His love.

Thine.

Little to me it matters
  Whither my feet are led,
If in the burning desert
  Or the pastures green I'm fed;
Whether the storm or sunshine
  Be in the path I take,
For my hand is in Thine, my Father,
  Thou wilt not Thy child forsake.

And it shall not cause me sorrow,
  Though the path be steep and rough;
I am Thine, Thine own forever,
  And that shall be joy enough.
Thine is the care, my Father—
  The work of providing Thine;
Only the trust, and pleasure,
  And the calm content are mine.

Neither shall I be anxious
For the dear ones whom I love;
From Thee they are never absent—
Thou reachest them from above.
And, Lord, I know they are dearer
To Thee than they are to me,
So I only ask Thee to take them,
And do as it pleases Thee.

But others are only strangers,
And know not the perfect peace,
Of those who beneath Thy banner
Are finding their sorrows cease.
They are away in the darkness,
In the gloomy and silent night;
Oh, Father, receive them also,
And welcome them into the light.

So then, it will not matter,
Whatever the future be;
Gladly we take our journey,
Leaving the rest to Thee;
And in darkness, or gloom, or tempest;
Still shall the best light shine,
And the joy shall come to our spirits;
For Father, we all are Thine.

—*Marianne Farmingham.*

THIRTEENTH DAY.

Three Degrees in Peace.

1st. *The peace of forgiveness.*— Peace which comes in answer to the guilty, lost and helpless sinners's cry of "God have mercy upon me a sinner;" — the peace of forgiveness which floods our souls and permeates our very inmost being; peace of reconciliation and pardon, and that peace such as the world cannot give nor take away. "My peace I give unto you," saith Jesus.

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
> Loose all their guilty stains."

The God of mercy obliterates all the sins of the past and removes them "as far as the east is from the west." He erases every record of our sins, and He permeates our contrite hearts with a sense of His forgiveness.

2nd. *The peace of living in harmony with God.*— Shall not we who are cleansed in the blood of Christ, and have the peace of forgiveness penetrating and permeating our innermost being, manifest our love and gratitude and ransomed life, in our daily walk, and deportment, and conversation, in living that one word "Christ"? If we would be Christ-like we must live Christ.

If we would be Christ's followers we must be prepared to make His experience ours, His work our work, His person our all. In other words, we must be prepared to be

unwordly, consecrated, devoted. In attaching ourselves to Christ, we attach ourselves to One who held the common prizes and gains of this world absolutely cheap, and who was scarcely conscious of hardships while absorbed in spiritual aims. This is the experience we must make our own. He bids us also economize our time and spend ourselves on what belongs to the Kingdom. And in His Kingdom and Himself He would have us find our all.—*Professor Marcus Dods.*

And we must aim to live that one word "Christ." We must remember "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

Our Father ever seeks our highest good; He sends blessing to encourage us, trials to purify us, obstacles to develop our endurance, and sorrows to sweeten our spiritual life. "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying: 'This is the way, walk ye in it,' when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."

Unwavering trust in God and love to Him, and a sweet sense of His triune presence, and of rest and His forgiveness, keeps the light of peace in the child of God's face, even when one's face is wet with tears. It is God's peace, and comes to our soul on the wings of His spirit, and permeates our innermost being.

The Art of Christian Living.

"When you think, when you speak,
When you read, when you write,
When you sing, when you seek for delight,
To be kept from all evil at home and abroad,
Live always as under the Lord.

Whatever you think, both in joy and in woe,
Think nothing you would not like Jesus to know;
Whatever you say in a whisper or clear,
Say nothing you would not like Jesus to hear.

Whatever you read, though the page may allure,
Read nothing unless you are perfectly sure
Consternation would not be seen in your look
If God should say solemnly, 'Show Me that book."

Whatever you write, in haste or with heed,
Write nothing you would not like Jesus to read;
Whatever you sing in the midst of your glees,
Sing nothing that God's listening ear could displease.

Wherever you go, never go where you'd fear,
God's question being asked you, 'what doest thou here'?
Whatever the pastime in which you engage,
For the cheering of youth or the solace of age,
Turn away from each pleasure you'd shrink from pursuing,
Were God to look down and say, 'What are you doing'?
—*Mrs. Holden.*

3rd. *The perfect peace of oneness in God.*—"It is a blessed thought that from our childhood, God has His fatherely hands upon us, and always in blessing and in benediction; that even the strokes of His hand are blessings, and among the chiefest we have ever received. When this feeling is awakened the heart beats with a pulse of thankfulness. Every gift has its return of praise. It awakens an unceasing daily converse with our Father; His speaking to us by the descent of our blessings, we to Him by the ascent of praise and thanksgiving."—*Cardinal Manning.*

"Thou will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee." Why? "Because he trusteth in Thee." And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ."

FOURTEENTH DAY

Unfailing Cruse.

Is the cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine, it shall serve thee and thy brother;
Love divine will fill thy store-house, or thy handful still renew,
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving, all its wealth is living grain,
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered fill with gold the plain,
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden, God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam, and balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill,
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain, can its ceaseless longings still;
Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined its strength sinks low,
It can only live in loving and by serving love will grow.

—*Mrs. Charles.*

"Who then is willing to consecrate his service unto the Lord?" When a soul sets out to seek God, God sets out to meet that soul; so that while we are drawing to Him, He is drawing near to us. "A sentence of Faber's may sound unnatural to us, so little spiritually-minded He says, 'God

sometimes draws us to Him, not that He may love us, *that* He always does, but in order to make us *feel* how He loves us.'" — *Gold Dust.*

When God says to you, dear reader, "I will be thy God," can you doubt Him? Do you not rather whisper, "This God of comfort is my Father and my Saviour and my God forever?" Our God in sickness and distress, in adversity or prosperity, and in many of the so-called waste places of poverty or obscurity or trial; He is our God of comfort forever, and the waste places really become a garden of Eden, because God is present soothing and comforting His ransomed child.

Truly the cruse of comfort and blessing and love is unfailing. Come, sorrowing one, and be comforted with His love; come, weary one, and find rest, such as the world cannot give you, in Him. God knoweth our peculiar weaknesses, and He knows our conditions, circumstances and surroundings, and knowing as He does know, all about our individual requirements and spiritual needs, and peculiar temptations, He will strengthen us with His Spirit in our weakness, and when we are self-confident He will weaken us; thus turning our lives and spirit into a perfect harmony with His mind, and Spirit and Will. "The bruised reed He will not break, and the smoking flax He will not quench," and all God's dealings with us are to develop good and blessing in us.

God knows all about us far better than we do ourselves, and He will lay upon us no greater burden than we can bear. God's Spirit moveth where it listeth. But God never wills to remain absent from a yearning heart.

When God says to you, dear reader, "My Grace is sufficient for thee," and "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the ages," can you doubt His loving interest in all that concerns you? Do you not long for more power against sin in your daily walk and conversation and deport-

ment? Shall you let the enemy of your soul have his way, and induce you to keep away from God? Cast yourself just as you are "without one plea, but that His blood was shed for thee," and "cast all your care upon God" and God will make His power yours, and you shall be more than conqueror through Him who loves you with "an everlasting love." Are you an apt scholar? Are you easily led by the Comforter? The Spirit of the triune God, the Comforter in the human soul is fully sufficient for all spiritual and temporal needs.

Our cruse is indeed unfailing. God our Father satisfies every expressed or unexpressed longing, when we appropriate Him in His fulness, when we yield ourselves to Him and let Him do with us just as He purposes in His heart of love.

PECOUBET'S NOTES.

"Who satisfieth our mouth with good things." Not rich things, not many things, not every thing I ask for; 'good things.'

"All my need fully supplied, and every thing good. Goodness is God expressed. All His blessings partake of His own nature. God can so satisfy the soul, that each chink and cranny therein shall be filled with spiritual joy. The soul is full of thirsts and longings. No earthly things can satisfy them. This is the experience of everyone who has made the experiment, even of those who have the most that the world can give.

"It is like drinking the salt sea water, which intensifies the thirst instead of satisfying it. God never made a soul so small that the whole world could give it satisfaction. But God satisfies, because He gives all that wordliness can give of satisfaction — of worldly satisfaction, — in a far

better way, and, besides, bestows His own personal love and presence; to be loved with an eternal love. There is something in Him to satisfy every hunger and thirst of the soul.

"Blessed be God, even our Father and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, so that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

FIFTEENTH DAY.

Cup-bearers to our King.

NEHEMIAH was in Shushan, the palace or royal city of the King of Persia. He was the King's cup-bearer. Although he lived at ease, and held a position of honor, he did not cease to remember that he was an Israelite, and he knew that his brethren were in distress. But Nehemiah was ever asking questions concerning his brethren, with a view, if possible, of rendering assistance. Thus we, the children of the King of kings, may be His cup-bearers to His children, to our brethren, in Christ-like ministries from a heart burning with love to Christ and for our brethren in the Lord. May our ministries of love emanate from His spirit of love, power and purity, dwelling in our ransomed being, and express in loving services a little of the gratitude we feel, because of all the triune God of Love has done, and is doing for us. To those of us who are helpless and suffering "shut-ins" to dull companionship of pain and weakness, there only remains the "waiting service" — the endurance of much intense pain and weariness, night and day, for weeks, and months, and years,— intense suffering which utterly incapacitates — "as seeing Him who is invisible." Thus we "serve," although we may only "stand and wait."

We may give the cheerful smile and the ready word of encouragement, or word of advice, or by our prayers on behalf of those requiring sympathy and love; all little things, nevertheless they are cups of water rendered unto Him, and shall not lose their reward.

In the voice that pleads for those little services of love to those in the lowliest stations, as well as the most affluent in life, I not only hear the sweet tones of Him who taught the multitudes of Mount Hattin, of Gethsemane, and the dying agony of the cross, whispering in loving, pleading sweetness, but I recognize Him pervading and permeating my being with a sense of His divine presence and approval, when in the act of performing sweet ministries to His little ones, and I hear His own "inasmuch."

He not only asks us to remember the wounds in His hands and feet — He pushes aside His glistening robes and discloses the gash in His side, and asks us to remember Calvary?

Can we refuse to minister unto Him? He, the Triune God, died for you, dear reader, and He died for me. Can we refuse to live for Him? God's mercy does not wait for our love, or our services, but springs to meet the need of His creatures. No matter what position in life they occupy, no matter whether rich or poor, in the most influential and affluent positions, or the most humble or lowly, God springs with all His love and His mercy to meet the need of each.

"Every thing does God's pleasure; winds, stars, angels of light, the mighty in strength and the delicate in beauty; every thing but man. To man God has given the unique power of defying God, and doing Him dishonor." — *Amos R. Wells.*

Shall not we praise God, not merely with our lips, but in our Christ-like services and daily living? Even if it be simply a cup of cold water in His name, God will bless us.

In the way of means, there are no little things with God. The simple verse of a comforting hymn repeated — or a text of scripture, a kind word of encouragement spoken, a sunshiny smile bestowed, a ready errand performed for another, a cheerful offer of assistance given, all these are

little things, little cups of cold water, given in His name, which at various times, and in most unlooked for ways, have been blessed and will be unto the end of the world. Will you, my reader, to-day throw the weight of your influnce, be it great or small, into God's treasury? God works by human means and instruments; by men and women, and even little children; we have all some one — it may be many — who will be acted on by our example, and insensibly led to love the things that we love to take pleasure and an interest in our pursuits. Would those who look upon our business life, or in our school life, or in our homes, or in our intercourses, one with another, think without our telling them in so many words, that we individually revelled in the light of God.

Are we afraid of the scrutiny of the world? In all the circumstances of life, stand firmly in Him, do your share my reader, of the work and bear your share of the care and sacrifice. Christ needs you and me, and to us shall come the richest rewards, and in us abides the sweetest peace. God makes our lives, prove our appreciation of our blessings by industriously using them in loving ministries to Him, and unto those yet to be numbered with the redeemed.

"A sense of mutual relationship ought to pervade the whole membership of the family of the redeemed. And if the full light of God's truth shines in our hearts, and shines about us on those who are our fellow members in that great family, we shall see so much that they and we have in common, that we shall lose sight of minor differences, and we shall have fellowship with them in Spirit and in service. True Christian fellowship is not to be secured by any formal intermerging of denomination, but by having the the light of God and walking in it."— *H. C. Trumball.*

SIXTEENTH DAY.

Keeping Holy the Sabbath.

"IF thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath from doing thine own pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: Then shalt thou delight in the Lord, and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy fathers; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Observation proves to me that those men on the face of the earth to-day, who observe and hallow the Sabbath, are the men whom God honors; more "abundantly," than those who are negligent in their observance of the Sabbath day.

"Welcome with joy each week, the day that God has called His day.

"To each day of the week God has given its special mission, its share of pleasure and of pain, necessary to purify and fortify and prepare us for eternity.

"But Sunday is a day of love.

"On Saturday we lay aside our garments faded and stained by toil, and on Sunday we array ourselves in garments, not only fresher but more choice and graceful. Why not prepare the heart, even as we do the body?

"During the week, has not the heart been wearied with petty strife and discontent, interests marred, bitter words?

"Then why not shake off all this, that only chills affection? On the Saturday let us forgive freely, press the

hand warmly, embrace each other, and then peace being restored within, we await the morrow's awakening.

"Sunday is God's day of truce for all. That day, laying aside all revenge and ill-feeling, we must be filled with forbearance, indulgence and amiability.

"Oh! how good for us to feel *obliged* to be reconciled, and each Sunday renews the obligation. Let us leave no time for coldness, and indifference to grow upon us, it only engenders hatred, and that once established in the heart, oh! how hard it is to cast it out again. It is like a hideous cancer, whose ravages no remedies can stay.

"It is as the venemous plant that the gardener can never entirely eradicate. Only by a miracle can hatred be destroyed. At once let us place a barrier in our hearts, against the approach of coolness or indifference, and each Saturday night the head of the family shall thus address us: 'Children, to-night we forgive, to-night we forget, and to-morrow begin life afresh in love, one towards another.'" — *Gold Dust.*

It is a downright shame that so many of the young people, of both sexes, are so very irreverent in observing God's holy day. It is sad to think that many prefer spending the Sabbath in worldly amusements and lustful desires of the flesh; when they had much better have been found waiting in the sanctuary, in the attitude of prayer and eager watchfulness, and reverent listening for what He "hath to say" unto them. Sad indeed to reflect upon the vast number of people, of both sexes, who plead fatigue in excuse of their non-attendance at the sanctuary of the Lord, where he is present to bless in an especial manner all those gathered together to meet and worship Him, the triune God of Love, our Father. Sad to reflect upon those who are negligent, irreverent and disobedient in their observance of God's day.

It is a sad and solemn matter, it is not a matter to laugh over, or joke about and easily pass by. To neglect the holy and reverential observance of God's day, is to postively insult God.

The Day of Rest.

O Day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light,
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and those
Make up one man, whose face Thou art,
Knocking at Heaven with thy brow;
The worky-days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
'Till thy release appears.

Man had straightforward gone
To endless death; but Thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which He doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
On which Heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room, with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders,
In God's rich garden, that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife

Of the eternal glorious king.
On Sunday Heaven's gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for His;
That, as each beast its manger knows,
Man might not of His fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay
And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth;
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth;
O let me take Thee at the bound,
Groping with Thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being tossed from earth
Fly hand in hand to Heaven!

—*From The Shadow of the Rock.*

Consider this matter well, dear reader. It is a great honor to worship God in his sanctuary; to meet with those come together to spend an hour with Him in prayer and praise and exhortation, in God's appointed meeting place;

there is a blessing in united worship which one cannot receive alone. Why? Because God is present with His people in an especial manner to bestow his choicest blessing upon those come together to meet Him in His sanctuary.

"Sunday is a day for worship. It is a day for getting out of all that drags us down, into a higher and diviner atmosphere. It is a day for standing face to face with the immortal in man. It is a day for standing face to face with God and eternity. I wonder whether, when Peter, James and John heard Jesus say; 'Come up with Me into the mount of transfiguration,' they went up with laggard steps, saying; 'It is a hard hill to climb; why cannot we stay below with the other nine'? What a day this is that lifts us out of all the smoky atmosphere, and gives us a view of the blue sky, that lifts us out of the fetid atmosphere and gives us a breath of the Heavenly." — *Lyman Abott, D. D.*

"Come not with incense, myrrh and spices bringing,
Come to God's Throne with loving hearts and pure;
Lift your glad voices, His high praises ringing,
He waits to bless; His promise standeth sure.

So speak the Church bells in their sweet vibration,
So to God's temple summon they our feet;
With all the holy, we for His salvation
Will pay our homage at the mercy seat."

—*Ray Palmer, D. D.*

Enable us Lord to "worship Thee in the beauty of holiness."

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

"Overcome."

THERE are seven "overcome" promises to be appropriated by us, seven progressive steps.

1st. "He that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

"O love surpassing thought,
So bright, so grand, so clear, so true, so glorious;
Love infinite, love tender, love unsought,
Love changeless, love rejoicing, love victorious!
And this great love for us in boundless store;
Christ's everlasting love! What wouldst thou more?"
—*F. R. Havergal.*

Shall not we, dear reader, appropriate the "overcome" promises of God to you and to me. Gigantic evils oppose us, but we shall meet them in the power of Christ and we shall triumph in Him. We "shall have life," and we "shall have it more abundantly." "God is able" and willing "to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

2nd. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches; he that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death.—Rev. ii.: 11. Or, "to him that overcometh it is promised that he shall suffer no loss from the second death."—*Commentary.*

"And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death."

"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." — Rev. xx. : 14-15.

"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come 'nigh thy dwelling,' is a promise to the fullest extent verified in the case of all who dwell in the secret place of the Most High.' To them sorrows are not 'evils'; sicknesses are not 'plagues,' the shadow of the Almighty extending far around those who abide under it, alters the character of all things which come within its influences."—*Anon.*

We may appropriate this promise in the triune God of love, and we "shall not be hurt of the second death."

3rd. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." — Rev. ii. : 17.

This name in the stone is a precious secret between Christ and the soul that overcomes while being fed upon the "hidden manna." Known only to Christ and to be revealed unto us when we shall approach Him in triumph as "more than conqueror" through His blood.

4th. And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations.— Rev. ii. : 26.

To whom shall "power over the nations" be given? To you, dear reader, and to me, if we "overcome" in His power, and obey His commands, keeping close to His side, following closely in the footsteps of Christ. And I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto Me.

That ye may eat and drink at My table in My Kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel."— Luke xxii. : 29-30.

Overcome in the blood of Christ and conquer in His power, and being His disciples you shall have power over the nations.

5th. "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before My Father and before His angels."

White is the emblem of purity, and we shall be pure, even as He is pure; we shall partake of the nature and character of Christ, having overcome in His power and through His blood and being clothed in His righteousness; and He will confess us each by name before His Father and our Father, and before His angels.

5th. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out, and I will write upon him the name of the city of My God, which is the new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of Heaven from My God: and I will write upon him my new name." —Rev. iii.: 12.

When Solomon was building the temple "he set up two pillars in the porch of the temple: and he set up the right pillar, and called the name thereof 'Jachin': (that is, He shall establish,) and he set up the left pillar, and called the name thereof 'Boaz': (that is, in it is strength.)"—1 Kings, vii.: 21.

And if we "overcome" in Him, great honor shall be ours. He shall establish us firmly in Him, and we shall be pillars of strength in the temple of the triune God, and He will write upon us the name of our God, and the name of the city of our God, which is new Jerusalem, and He will write upon us His new name.

7th. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne, even as I also overcome, and am set down with My Father on His throne."

"And He that sat upon the throne said; Behold, I make all things new, and He said unto me, write: for these words are true and faithful. and He said unto me, it is done, I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst. of the fountain of the waters of life freely." "He that overcometh shall inherit all things" and I will be his God. and he shall be My Son." There is no room for any comment from me upon the fulness of this promise, we "shall inherit all things" and "God will be our God" and we shall be His sons and daughters.

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

"Thou God Seest Me."

"BENEATH God's eye, there is something in the thought like a sheltering rock, a refreshing dew, a gleam of light."—*Gold Dust.*

"The thought of God's watchfulness will be a source of comfort or of annoyance according to our character. When the child is doing right, she loves the thought that the mother is watching; but when she is disobedient, she desires to avoid that presence. Very vividly does the New Testament picture the greatest agony of the determined sinner! To be the consciousness that God sees him. This is a large part of the woe of the lost. How important, then, through Christ to become so reconciled to God that the truth, 'Thou God seest me," will be of secret comfort to us."—*Rev. S. W. Adriance.*

"There is no joy the soul can meet
Upon life's various road,
Like the sweet fear that sits and shrinks
Under the eye of God.

A special joy is all in love,
For objects we revere;
Thus joy in God will always be
Proportioned to our fear.

But fear is love, and love is fear,
And in and out they move;
But fear is an intenser joy
Than mere unrighteous love.

They love thee little, if at all
Who do not fear thee much;
If love is Thine attraction, Lord,
Fear is Thy very touch.

Love could not love thee half so much
If it found thee not so near;
It is Thy nearness which makes love
The perfectness of fear." —*F. W. Faber.*

'Tis a most solemn thought that the eye of God our Father sees our every act.

"Those around us in the world, and in our own homes gauge us by our conversation and deportment. Is it apparent from our daily living that Jesus is constantly streaming into our lives the light of His wonderful love, and are we shedding it forth again marked with our own individuality?

The eye of God is upon us as we perform our most trivial daily duty, as we watch and pray, as we suffer and serve and wait. Are we in the world, but not of it, are we strangers to the world, but near and familiar friends to God?

'Tis our privilege to live beneath the eye of God, yes, to dwell continually in His presence, and experience a deep and sweet realization of His Divine approval. Let us strive to see God, that is to say, be always realizing His presence, feeling Him near as the friend from whom we would never be separated, in work, in prayer, in recreation, in repose. God is not importunate, He never wearies, He is the gracious and merciful, His Hand directs everything, and He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able.

"Listen to His commands, be attentive to God, listen to His counsel, His warnings; we are privileged to hear His voice, in these Gospel words that recur to our mind, in the good thoughts that suddenly dawn on us, the devout words

that meet us in some book, on a sheet of paper, or falling from the lips of a preacher or friend, or even a stranger.

Speak to God, hold converse with Him more with the heart than with the lips, in the early morning's meditation, ejaculatory prayer, vocal prayer, and above all in Holy Communion.

Love God, be devoted to Him alone, have no affection apart from Him, restrain the love that would estrange us from Him, lend ourselves to all, but out of love, give ourselves to Him alone.

Think of God, reject whatever excludes the thought of Him. Of course, we must fulfil our daily duties, accomplishing them with all the perfection of which we are capable, but they must be done as beneath the eye of God, with the thought that God has commanded them, and that to do them carefully, is pleasing in His sight."—*Gold Dust.*

May we live regularly, and continuously beneath the eye of God Those bodies of ours may decay, they and all their temporal environments of earth. They perish ; but our life shall remain, our life which is spiritual shall in the truest sense remain, and we shall be conscious of our spiritual identity to all Eternity. Do we regularly and continuously trust in God? He will not allow us to be overcome. Jesus with us shall be our companion when the flames of fiery trial kindle upon us, if we trust Him.

" Perfect love, which always includes fear of displeasing God, so great is that love to God, includes confidence, casteth out fear. Let us take the comfort of this thought and trust Him to keep us from falling : yes, even from stumbling. He has promised, " thou shalt not be burned," even when the fiery flames of pain seem to overwhelm us and seem to consume us, we " shall not be burned," no foe shall be found unconquerable, no danger appalling if we are fighting " foes without and fear within" in His power.

"Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies."

Thou God seest us, and Thy tender arm will sustain us in our weariness, and suffering and weakness. Enable us to dwell continually in Thy Heart, to listen to Thy sweet voice while we are in the furnace of affliction, and to live as under Thine all-seeing eye.

NINETEENTH DAY.

Seeing and Knowing.

"BELOVED now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see Him as He is." — 1 John iii.: 2.

"For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that, which is in part shall be done away.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: (or "reasoned" as it is in the margin) but when I became a man I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known."—1 Corin. xiii.: 9-12.

"Do not believe that God offers Himself as a guide in His providence, and a guide towards a holy life by His spirit and yet will leave the mind alone which soberly explores the dark places of truth in the hope of His aid. How He can aid, it is useless to ask; but that He can aid, who is truth itself, and has sure access to minds and hearts, you must not doubt. He may move in all silence; He may act on the soul; and so on the mind indirectly; He may cause, as often happens, external things to illustrate truth in some remarkable manner. But be assured of this,—that if in obedience and hope you wait on Him, He will bring you to the sunlight at last."—*S. D. Woolsey.*

How has God unveiled Himself to you? Have you been summoned into the secret chamber of His council? Perhaps

He has caused your imagination to spread its wings for higher bolder flight. and your spirit has flown up, up, on glittering pinions; and you have discovered far above you heights of blessedness that you could not reach, but which you were assured should one day be yours. There are sweet and solemn voices speaking with unearthly authority: coming back to us as the messages of angels.

"There are few," says an American writer, "who do not number in their families those whose places are vacant at the table and the hearth, and yet who are not reckoned as lost, but only 'gone before.' And when the business of daily life is for awhile suspended, and its cares are put to rest—nay, often in the midst of the world's tumult—their voices float down clearly and distinctly from heaven, and say to their own 'come up hither.'"

"Beneath every domestic roof," continues the same author, "There are more than are counted by the eye of a stranger. Spirits are there which he does not see, but who are never far from the eyes of the household. Steps are on the stairs, but not for common ears; and familiar places and objects restore familiar smiles and tears, and acts of goodness and words of love which are seen and heard by memory alone."

Words of admonition or counsel, after the lips that uttered them are sealed in death, acquire a peculiar sacredness.

"'Look that thou make them after the pattern that was showed thee in the mount.' This teaches that there are celestial ways of doing earthly things, and that human success consists in getting into the secrecies of God's mind, and working in the direction of His method—men are enriched with presentiments of the way God would work if placed in our stead. These presentiments we call ideals. Human soil is marked with Divine footprints."—*C. H. Parkhurst.*

When I shall have passed away from among those I love, shall my voice float down in loving, pleading, tender invitations, "Come up hither?"

What shall my friends say of me after I have passed away from their midst? What will be the effect of my life upon those who are left behind?

God knows our motives · and those who love us, trust to them ; but strangers can only judge of us by our actions. A solemn thought, and one that should make us very careful lest there should be anything in our daily life, to bring discredit upon religion.

"There are murmurings in the air," writes a well-known authoress, speaking of one gone before ; "there are murmurings in the air, soft as the footfalls of angels ; and amidst them all I fancy that I can distinguish her gentle voice, bidding me possess my soul in patience until the great summons comes that shall unite us again for evermore." Yes, we shall meet again in our Father's Home of love, where God shall be our Father and we shall be His redeemed children, and rapture beyond conception shall be ours forever. We shall see Jesus as He is, and we "shall awake satisfied in His likeness," but we must obey the commands of God and fulfil the conditions of His promises. "We shall see Jesus" and if we are faithful students of Him "we shall be like Him," we shall be changed and are being changed into the same image, as we gaze upon Him, and strive to fulfil His conditions and observe His commands, His promise to us is being verified, we are being changed into the same image.

When we are summoned to pass over the river with those "gone before" we shall "see the King in His beauty," and "we shall be satisfied with His likeness," and "we shall know even as we are known."

"Eye hath not seen," yet we shall see the wonders of His love unfolding through eternity; "nor ears heard," yet we shall hear His loving assurances and instructions, and we shall hear His words of love for us: "neither have entered into the heart of man," yet we shall have His spirit of power given us to understand His wonderful love and have grand conceptions of Him; upon this condition of God's promise "set thine heart" to conceive His Spirit. "He shall take of mine and shall show it unto you;" we must simply obey His command "set thine heart upon all that I shall show thee;"—not for ourselves alone are we to "see" and "hear," we are to say "come" to others whom we love, and whom we would have enjoy the "King in His beauty" and "awake satisfied in His likeness.

TWENTIETH DAY.

"The Lord Shut Him In."—Gen. 8. 16.

WE, too, who have spent years upon the bed of severe pain and extreme weakness, have been shut in by the Lord to experience keenest suffering.

"God sometimes shuts the door, and shuts us in,
That He may speak perchance thro' grief or pain,
And softly, heart to heart, above the din
May tell some precious thought to us again.

God sometimes shuts the door, and keeps us still,
That so our feverish haste and deep unrest,
Beneath His gentle touch may quiet, till
He whispers what our weary hearts love best.

God sometimes shuts the door, and though shut in,
If 'tis His hand, shall we not wait and see?
When worry lies without, and toil and sin,
God's thought may wait within for you and me."

—*Mrs. G. Packard.*

"Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that maketh deep furrows on my soul? I know He is no idle husbandman, He purposeth a crop."—*S. Rutherford.*

One cannot grow accustomed to physical and mental suffering; we who have spent years upon the bed of suffering, utterly incapacitated, find it just as difficult to endure, as though week after week, and month after month, and year after year, we had not been enduring. We know how

"the whole head grows sick and the heart becomes faint," because of "hope deferred," waiting for health which comes not, and for strength which seems to decrease instead of increase. No one knows but Jesus just how difficult it is to endure physical and mental suffering, and lie patiently and passively beneath his chastening rod. But Jesus who conquered sin, and pain, and death, "knows," and He can understand and strengthen us to endure as "seeing Him who is invisible," and He "cares" and will bear both us and our burden, and "loves" as an everlasting love, and sends the pain to prepare us for all He is preparing for us.

"A lady called on a silversmith and begged to know from him the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. 'But sir,' said she, 'do you sit while the work of refining is going on?' 'O yes,' replied the silversmith; 'I must sit with my eye steadily fixed upon the furnace, for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured.' At once she saw the beauty, and the comfort, too, of the expression, 'He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.' As the lady was leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back, and said he had still further to mention that he only knew when the process of purifying was complete, by seeing his own image reflected in the silver. Beautiful figure! When Christ sees His own image in His people, His work of purifying is accomplished." — *Anon.*

Those of us who are in the fiery furnace of pain, shut in with the companionship of God, shall one day ere long hear His summons, "Child come up hither, the process of refining thee is complete, I see Mine own image reflected in thee. Child come Home, and dwell continually in My presence."

"'Why,' does any one ask, 'does the battle press hard to the end?' Why is it ordained for man that he shall walk all through life, in patience and strife, and sometimes in

darknesss? Because from patience is to come perfection. Because from strife is to come triumph. Because from the dark cloud is to come the lightning-flash, that opens the way to Eternity."— *Orville Dewey.*

"For all things are for your sakes, that the abundant grace might through the thanksgiving of many redound to the glory of God. For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed from day to day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding weight of glory.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."—2 Cor. iv.: 15-18.

There are times in our suffering experience when we are apt to question the love of God in His dealings with us, moments when we are depressed and desponding by reason of our many weakenesses and infirmities, when we say "would to God that I were dead." God is long suffering with us, but He afflicts us in order to refine and purify, and make us more like Himself. Do we murmur, knowing our littleness, and insufficiency, and proneness to sin? Do we refuse to see the love of God in His dealings with us? Do we not rather look up to Him in loving allegience, and grateful thanks to God because He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities?

"Hush! oh, hush! for the Father knows what thou knowest not,
The need and the thorn and the shadows linked with the fairest lot;
Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen snare,
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what thou could'st not bear.

Hush! oh, hush! for the Father, whose ways are true and just,
Knoweth, and careth, and loveth, and waits for thy perfect trust;
The cup He is slowly filling, shall soon be full to the brim,
And infinite compensations forever be found in Him."

—*F. R. Havergal.*

We are shut in to learn more of His Divine love, more of His will concerning us, more of the sweetness of His companionship, more of His purity, more of His power, more of Himself. We are shut in to be refined as silver is refined, to be purified as gold is purified, until we bear His image and are become pure, even as He is pure. "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."—James i.: 2-4.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

Joint Heirs with Christ.

HEIRS of God and joint-heirs with Christ. — Rom. viii. : 17.

Can mortal man estimate the length and breadth and heighth and depth of that promise? "Heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ."

There is a great hush, a holy awe comes over us, we are utterly overwhelmed with our unworthiness of it. He who knoweth our frame, knows also the possibilities of His grace. "For the Lord's portion is His people ; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance."

He found him in "a desert land, and in the waste, howling wilderness ; He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye. "So the Lord alone did lead us." As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings.

Whom did God find in "a desert land, and in the waste, howling wilderness?" You who read this page, and I who have written it. God found us in "a desert land" of sin and suffering and woe ; which is "a waste and howling wilderness, indeed, where Christ comes not." "Own Christ's person, love His name, embrace His doctrine, obey His commands and submit to His cross. His person is lovely, His name sweet, His doctrines are comfortable, His commands are rational and His cross honorable. The very angels adore Him, and shall not we?"

We are "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.—1 Peter, i. : 4-5. "Learn of me." "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."—Matt. v. : 5.

How shall we become meek? By imbibing the spirit of Christ. Needing nothing less than the precious blood of Christ, and a will possessed by His own Divine will, mind and heart. God found us in "a desert land" of sin and sorrow and woe, "a waste howling wilderness" where Christ cannot come ; but where He sends His ministering angels "to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation." His "still small voice" drew us unto "the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness," and we were cleansed in the precious blood of Christ. Thus are we become "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ."—Zech. xiii. : 1.

Truly are we rich with a great inheritance, enriched with all knowledge ; knowing the Lord Jesus ; and the power of His sprinkled blood.

"Who being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high ; being made so much better than the angels, as He hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they."—Heb. i. : 3-4.

The angels are and ever have been sinless, they have no need of a Saviour, and consequently they cannot enjoy Christ to the same extent as we, the redeemed of the Lord, "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ," can.

And we have cost the triune God His precious blood, and we must be of more value in the sight of God, than are

the angels, and our capacity to receive Jesus Christ is enlarged, and we may grow and increase "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."—Eph. iv.: 13.

I am Christ's and Christ is Mine.

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home,
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms, and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine! and naught of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego His love an hour:
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine
Go! I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied;
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He, for my Friend, I'm rich with naught beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possest;
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen
A glorious sun, that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart; I fret not, nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe,
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before His feet I throw;
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine,
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love.
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more:
And feel, and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine. —*H. F. Lyte.*

Make us cognizant of the privileges as children of Thine, "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." Equals with Thee in all things, joint-heirs with Thee, through Thy blood.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

Bearing our Cross.

WE, in our littleness and proneness to sin and disobedience, are apt to murmur at the cross which our Saviour is pleased to put upon us in His great love for us. We do not take up the cross willingly, believingly, cheerfully or submissively; and yet we are cognizant nothing is more acceptable unto God than our willing, sincere denial of self, and ready obedience, and cheerful and prompt acquiescence unto Him.

We think, and say, too, very frequently, if my cross was only changed, I could "deny" myself so much better, and "take up the cross" and "follow Chirst." But let me assure you, gentle reader, and let me be assured myself, that He, the Infinite One, knows just what is needful, and just what we finite ones can bear.

The Changed Cross.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and felt the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me—
My trial tests of faith and love to be—
It seemed to me as if I never could be sure,
That faithful to the end I would endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might,
Who says, 'we walk by faith, and not by sight,'
Doubting and almost yielding to dispair,
The thought arose, my cross I cannot bear.

For heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh, if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause and then a heavenly light
Beemed full upon my wandering raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then one, more fair than all the rest to see—
One to whom all others bowed the knee—
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,
And 'follow Me,' He said, 'I am the way.'

Then speaking thus He led me far above;
And there, beneath a canopy of love.
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold—
A little one with jewels set in gold:
Ah! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

'This may not be,' I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain,
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh, that form, so beautiful to see!
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair,
Sorrowing, I said, 'This cross I may not bear.'

And so it was, with each and all around:
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping' I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, 'No cross, no crown.'

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart,
'Be not afraid,' He said, 'but trust in Me,
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee.

And then with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside
For fear some sudden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared appointed way—
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best;
The only one of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again!

But oh, how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah, no! henceforth my own desire shall be
That He who knows me best should choose for me,
And so whatever His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

—*From The Changed Cross.*

"I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end."—Jeremiah xxix. : 11.

Thus we learn our different natures and various longings and desires require different discipline ; and God knows best how to discipline us, and how to prepare us for all He is preparing for us. Let us take up our cross cheerfully, willingly, submissively and lovingly ; He went before us "bearing His cross ;" our Saviour died for us on the cross, and we ought to bear our cross as a proof of our love and gratitude to Him and because He would prepare us to receive and enjoy all He is preparing for us.

"In the cross is salvation, in the cross is life, in the cross is protection against our enemies, in the cross is infusion of heavenly sweetness, in the cross is strength of mind, in the cross is joy of spirit, in the cross the height of virtue, in the cross the perfection of sanctity."—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

"It is Well."

AND it fell on a day that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman; and she constrained him to ead bread. And so it was, that as oft as he passed by, he turned in thither to eat bread. And she said unto her husband, 'Behold now I perceive that this an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually.

Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a table, and a bed, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be when he cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither. And it fell on a day, that he came thither, and he turned into the chamber, and lay there."—2 Kings iv.: 8-10.

There are four lessons to be drawn from this kindness of the Shunemite woman, typical of the everlasting love and everlasting loving-kindness of God, which He is continually bestowing upon us, and His kindness in drawing us unto Himself.

The Shunemite woman said, "Let us make a little chamber;" typical of the "place" which Jesus our Saviour is preparing for us; and He is coming again, to receive us unto Himself, and we shall dwell forever in His presence, in the "resting" or abiding "place."

"And let us set for him there a bed," said the Shunemite woman, typical of the rest and security found in Christ, namely, "This is the rest wherewith He hath caused the

weary to rest;" rest of forgiveness, as promised by Jesus. See Matt. xi.: 28. "Rest for our souls," as promised in Jerem. vi.: 16. "And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever."—Isaiah xxxii.: 17.

Thus the rest is perfect rest. "And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places."—Isaiah xxxii.: 18.

We have sweet security in Him truly. "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." "And a table," typical of our food in Christ. Then said Jesus unto them, "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."

Let me echo the Saviour's invitation: "Come unto me," for saith Jesus, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi.: 17.

"And a stool," typical of prayer. "And prayer shall be made for Him continually, and daily shall He be praised"—Psalm lxxii.: 15. "Watch unto prayer."—1 Peter iv.: 7. "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."—Eph. vi.: 18.

"Likewise the spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." "And a candlestick," typical of "God is light," and God is Love."—1 John i.: 5; iv.: 8. We have light in Christ to see and warmth to live in Him; "and if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i.: 7.

"And he said to Gehazi, his servant, 'call this Shunemite woman,' and he called her, and she stood before him. And

said he, 'Say now unto her, behold, thou hast been careful for us, with all this care; what is to be done for thee? Wouldst thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?' and she answered, 'I dwell among mine own people.' And he said, 'Call her.' Previous to this, Gehazi said unto Elisha, 'Verily she hath no child, and her husband is old.' Elisha bade Gehazi call her. And when he had called her, she stood in the door. And he said 'About this season, according to the time of life, thou shalt embrace a son.' And she said, 'Nay, my lord, thou man of God, do not lie unto thine handmaid.' And the woman conceived, and bare a son at that season that Elisha had said unto her, according to the time of life. And when the child was born and grown, it fell on a day that he went to his father, to the reapers; and he said unto his father, 'My head, my head.' And he said to a lad, 'carry him to his mother.' And when he had taken him to his mother, he sat upon her knees till noon, and then died.

And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out.

And she called unto her husband, and said, 'Send me I pray thee, one of the young men, and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God, and come again.'

And he said, 'Wherefor wilt thou go to him to-day? It is neither new moon, nor Sabbath.' And she said, 'It shall be well.'

Then she saddled an ass, and said to her servant, 'drive, and go forward; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee.'

So she went and came unto Mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi, his servant, 'Behold, yonder is that Shunemite; run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well

with the child?' And she answered. 'It is well.'" Wonderful faith. "And when she came to the man of God, to the hill, she caught him by the feet: but Gehazi came near to thrust her away. And the man of God said, 'Let her alone, for her soul is vexed within her: and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me. Then she said, 'Did I desire a son of my Lord; did I not say, do not deceive me?'

Then he said to Gehazi, 'Gird up thy loins, and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way: if thou meet any man salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child.'

And the mother of the child said 'As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.' And he arose and followed her.

And Gehazi passed on before them, and laid the staff upon the face of the child; but there was neither voice nor hearing. Wherefore he went again to meet him, and told him, saying the child is not awaked. And when Elisha was come into the house, behold the child was dead.

He went in, therefore, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord.

And he went up, and laid upon the child and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands.

And he stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm. Then he returned, and walked in the house to and fro; and went up, and stretched himself upon him; and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes.

And he called Gehazi, and said, 'Call this Shunemite.' So he called her. And when she was come in unto him, he said, 'Take up thy son.' Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out."—2 Kings viii.: 8-37.

The Shunemite's faith was simple and grand, her love supreme, and her respect and holy awe for Elisha commendable, and her obedience most prompt. The exercise of her faith was rewarded. Yes, truly "it is well" with the true child of God; "it is well" when the tests of our faith are most fierce and fiery, when our circumstances and surroundings are most adverse to simple child-like trust in God. It is well with us, because our souls are redeemed in His blood, and we trust Him through His Spirit, even when we cannot trace Him, and cannot understand His dealings with us. Our minds are finite and ever shall be so, but He is infinite and He loveth alway.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

Heaven Opened.

I. "And Jacob dreamed, and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached Heaven: and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it."

"And behold, the Lord stood above it."—Gen. xxviii.: 12. There is a communication betwixt heaven and earth, such as we too seldom realize. The common topics of conversation, between friendly hearts, may furnish a channel for heavenly interchange of thoughts in our intercourse, so that our communications, even while in the world, may be like Jacob's ladder, whose bottom rested upon the earth, but the top reached unto the heavens. We can be in touch with those of our own household, those near and dear ones, who are "gone before." They are clothed in the garments of Christ — having been redeemed in His blood. "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." — Rev. vii.: 14-17. God, our Father, is eternal, and incomprehensible, and of infinite power in heaven and earth, and His understanding is unsearchable.

II. "And He saith unto him, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven opened, and the angels

of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man."—John i. : 51. There is a communication betwixt the inhabitants of heaven and earth.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation." — Heb. i. : 14. When the burden of sin and guilt fell off Christian at the foot of the Cross, as we read in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, "three shining ones came and saluted him with, 'Peace be with thee;' 'thy sins be forgiven thee;' the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment, (the white robes of Christ's righteousness;) the third also set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll, with a seal upon it," (the witness of the Spirit, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.) No wonder that he should "go on his way singing."

III. "But he being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

And said, behold I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."—Acts. vii. : 55, 56.

"The heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God." — Ezekiel i. : 1.

Daniel, the "Beloved" of the Lord, said, "I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of Heaven." — Daniel vii. : 13.

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed,
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

—*H. Bonar.*

IV. "And Jesus, when He was baptised, went up straightway out of the water; and, lo, the heavens were opened unto Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him. And, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." —Matt. iii.: 16, 17.

"And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; (emblem of purity), and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doth judge and make war." — Rev. xix.: 17.

"Now, I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over; and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, 'you must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.' The pilgrims, then, especially Christian, began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found, by them, by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, 'No;' yet they could not help them in that case; 'for,' said they,, 'you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the king of the place.'" —*Pilgrim's Progress.*

"Death is another life; we bow our heads at going out, we think, and enter straight another golden chamber of the King's, larger than this we have, and lovelier.—*P. J. Bailey.*

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

Beginning of God's Love.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Therefore, will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." —Ps. xlvi. : 1.

"Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am ; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me : for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." —John xvii. : 24.

The triune God of love loved you and me before "the foundation of the world," and He hath loved us with an everlasting love." —Jer. xxxi. : 3.

"Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth ; because love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created things. He that loveth, flieth, runneth and rejoiceth ; he is free and not bound. He giveth all for all, and hath all in all ; because he resteth in One highest above all things, from whom all that is good flows and proceeds."

He respecteth not the gifts, but turneth himself above all goods unto the giver. Love oftimes knows no bounds, but is fervent beyond all measure.

Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility ; for it thinks all things lawful for itself. The noble love of

Jesus impels a man to do great things, and stirs him up to be always longing for what is more perfect."—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

God loved you and me before "the foundation of the world." He loved us with a love that had no beginning, because God never had a beginning. His love is boundless as the universe, deeper than the deepest ocean, higher than the highest heaven; yea, God's love is infinite, eternal, and unchangeable.

"God loves us with an everlasting love."

> "New mercies each returning day,
> Hover around us while we pray;
> New perils past, new sins forgiven,
> New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven."
>
> —*Keble.*

"Oh! what fulness there is in God! 'Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.' (Eph. iii.: 20.) Had it said 'Able to do above all that we ask,' we should have said it was precious. But it is 'abundantly above,' yea, 'exceeding abundantly,' can we ask too much? No. He can do exceeding abundantly above all our asking. 'If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.'"—John xv.: 7.

God hath been real in His mercies, shall not we give Him proof of our love and gratitude, and be real in our thanks to Him? God will take exact notice of our most trivial action, flowing from a heart filled with love and thankfulness to Him. And therefore with "loving-kindness" hath He drawn us. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," and "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He died to redeem

us from eternal woe. He comes to us, and showing us the marks of His wounds, He says, "See how I loved thee, sinner, I love thee still."

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There's a welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most infinitely kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the favor of the Lord."

—*F. W. Faber.*

"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."—Isaiah liv. : 10.

"For thus saith the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy : I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."—Isaiah lvii. : 15.

"For My thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts."—Isaiah lv. . 8, 9.

"Thy name is Love! I hear it from yon cross;
Thy name is Love! I read it in yon tomb;
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

It blesses now, and shall forever bless;
It saves me now, and shall forever save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness,
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

I am all want and hunger; this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here,
Dear ones are leaving, and as they depart,
Make room within for something yet more dear.

More of Thyself, oh, show me hour by hour
More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord:
More of Thyself, in all Thy grace and power,
More of Thy love and truth, Incarnate Word."

—*From "The Shadow of the Rock."*

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

Seeing Jesus.

YES, sinful, helpless, and utterly unworthy, yet we "would see Jesus." — John xii. : 21.

"There are so many who are saying it to-day!
We would see Jesus,
The Light upon the darkness of the way:
The Guide amid the mazes where we stray:
The Healer of their many, many woes:
The Victor o'er our strong and cunning foes.
We would see Jesus?
There are sick ones in their weariness and pain,
There are troubled ones who sigh for rest in vain,
There are toilers at the empty nets of life,
There are care-worn ones who languish in the strife;
And the prayers of all arise,
That with clear undimming eyes,
They may see Jesus."

—*Wm. Luff.*

Have we heard the voice of Jesus saying, "Come unto Me?" Do our hearts, still thrilling with the tenderness of His love, respond, yea, Thou triune God of love, "We would see Jesus?" Have you heard Him say, "Come and see?" —John i. : 39.; Rev. vi. : 1. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty," and "so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty."

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 Peter i., 8.

He has placed those of us who are lying helpless upon suffering beds, in a fiery furnace of pain and weariness, and He is sitting by as "a refiner of silver," till we shall reflect His image. We asked him to strengthen us to lay hold of His appointed cross, and when He reached it to us, it lacerated our hands.

It is good for us to suffer here, for we shall reign hereafter; to bear the cross below, for we shall wear the crown above; and that is not our will, but His that is being done in us.

"We see Jesus."—Heb. ii.: 9.

"There are many who are saying it to-day!
We do see Jesus.
They see Him as they ask His hallowed grace.
They see Him with love's smile upon His face:
They see Him with a pardon sealed with blood:
They see Him walking firmly o'er the flood:
Their eyes see Jesus.
Oh, believe not He is very far away:
He is with us, in His presence we may stay:
May be looking unto Jesus every hour,
And enjoy the golden vision of His power:
And the wish becomes the act,
And the longing is the fact,
We now see Jesus!"

—*Wm. Luff.*

"Thou wilt show me the path of life: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures forever more."—Ps. xvi.: 11.

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know, even as also I am known."—1 Cor. xiii.: 12.

"But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii.: 18.

"Thou shalt see greater things hereafter." He has fastened on us His look of love, and we cannot but choose to follow Him. Little by little, from time to time, by flitting gleams, He gives us an understanding of the mystery of His cross, and as we gaze, we advance and are changed into His likeness, and His name shines out through us, for He dwells in us.

"We shall see Him as He is."—1 John iii. : 2.

"There are many who are saying it to-day!
We shall see Jesus,—
We shall see Him as we never saw before!
We shall see Him as He is forever more:
We shall see Him in the land of shadeless light:
We shall see Him when our faith shall turn to sight.
We shall see Jesus!
And the prospect ever cheers us, even now:
We shall see Him with the crown upon His brow:
When the broken glass is shivered and is gone,
We shall see Him in the resurrection morn!
And the 'would see' and the sight
End in rapturous delight,
We shall see Him as He is."

—*Wm. Luff.*

"'You are going to be with Jesus, and to see Him as He is,' said a friend to Rowland Hill, on his death-bed. 'Yes,' replied Mr. Hill with emphasis. 'Yes, and I shall be like Him; that is the crowning point.' To see Him as He is, and in Himself, is reserved till we shall have better eyes; these eyes we have are carnal and corruptible, and cannot see God till they have put on incorruption."

"Behold, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 John iii. : 2.

"As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I will be satisfied when I awake, with Thy likeness."—Ps. xvii.: 15.

"Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved is mine!
He brings a poor, vile sinner
Into His 'house of wine!'
I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Filled with His likeness rise,
To love and to adore Him,
To see Him with those eyes:
'Tween me and resurrection
But Paradise doth stand;
Then,—then for glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

—*Rutherford.*

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

Pressing Toward the Mark.

I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Phil. iii. : 14.

"O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee,
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains in me!
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries."

We desire to be "found" in Him, and to "know" Him, and His resurrection "power," and to experience "the fellowship of His suffering."

To be found in Him, not "having mine own righteousness." Why? Because "we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness are as filthy rags; and our iniquities like wind, have taken us away."—Isaiah lxiv. : 6.

"But He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.—Isaiah liii. : 5.

"He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied; by His knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for He shall bear their iniquities."—Isaiah liii. : 11.

"Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God."

We would be "found" in Him, "And this is life eternal, that they might know Him, the only true God, and Jesus Christ;"—John xvii. : 3.

We desire to "know" Him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of His suffering; and we shall "know" Him and be raised in resurrection power; and we shall experience the "fellowship of His sufferings."

"It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. The first man is of the earth earthy: the second is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, 'death is swallowed up in victory.'"

"But thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. : 43-49, and 54-58.

And in experiencing the "fellowship of Christ's suffering," we are being made conformable to His death.

"Shrink not from suffering. Each dear blow,
From which thy smitten spirit bleeds,
Is but a messenger to show
The renovation which it needs.

The earthly sculptor smites the rock;
Loud the relentless hammer rings,
And from the rude, unshapen block
At length imprisoned beauty brings.

Thou art that rude, unshapen stone,
And waitest till the arm of strife
Shall make its crucifixion known,
And smite and carve thee unto life.

The Heavenly Sculptor works on thee;
Be patient. Soon his arm of might
Shall from thy prison's darkness free,
And change thee to a form of light."

—*T. C. U.*

"For our conversation is in heaven; from which also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall also change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."—Phil. iii.: 20–21.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

Falling Short of the Mark.

My topic for to-day was suggested by a little girl friend with whom I was chatting. She suddenly looked up from the work with which she was engaged just then, and asked of me: "What is sin?" I replied, "sin is a breaking of the law of God." She said that was one of many answers given at the young people's meeting in the church where she usually worshipped; but she liked best of all the answers given to the question, "what is sin"? that of her revered pastor, who said "to sin" is to "fall short of the mark." I was much struck with this definition.

"And have omitted," saith Jesus when He was teaching the multitudes, "the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the others undone."—Matt. xxiii.: 23.

"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"?—Micah vi.: 8.

"For whosoever shall keep the whole law of God and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all."—James ii.: 10.

"All sinners are guilty of this bringing 'a part of the price.' They will obey some of God's laws, they will do some of His good works, they will avoid some sins, but not all. They bring 'a part of the price,' and ask God to accept it as the whole."—*From Peloubet's Notes.*

One sin, the very tiniest, is deadly. It is not the number of our sins or the greatness of them that condemns us, it is the nature of sin itself. "The soul that sinneth it shall die."—Ezek. xviii.: 20.

"Whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point is guilty of all."—James ii.: 10. One spark is enough to set a whole city on fire, and has done so ere now, just because that spark is fire, and so it is with sin. "The wages of sin is death:" and "death" means eternal separation from God.

It is quite possible for men to live fair and virtuous lives, as men might judge, and having heard God's call to repentance and to faith, yet die in their sin, because they heeded not God's call, and died without repenting of their sin or trusting in God. Unnumbered thousands die in their sins, and receive the wages of their sins. Sin is "a falling short of the mark; to leave undone those things which we ought to have done," is sin. There must be no "falling short of the mark" with us, for that is sin, and "we are dead to sin," and life is to be marked by our allegiance to Christ, by our loving acceptance of Christ, and by our loyal obedience to Him, and that not merely from a sense of duty, but rather constrained by the love of God.

We are to be holy in "all things," even in the common duties of our daily routine of life, and holy in the most trivial matter; "holy" in all our actions; in our deportment, in our conversation, in the performance of services, such as we may render one to another, in our homes, in our intercourse with the different members of our family, in the school experience, in our friendships, and in our social experiences, and in our business connections. We are to be "holy" unto the Lord "all the days."

Our entire life is to be marked by our daily acceptance of our Saviour's commands, and by the manner in which we manifest Christ in us, "we being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness."

Over and Over Again.

"Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands,
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall;
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadows flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod,
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned,
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and temptest we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven."

—*Josephine Pollard.*

"Keep us, we pray Thee, God, from falling short of the mark." And aid us "to press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phil. iii.: 14.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

When "Death" is Gain.

"If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow,
For any one,—
All the fight fought, and all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I would shrink or falter,
But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and pray
For one more day;
And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, 'Lord,' within Thy keeping,
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy Will.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

When "to live is Christ," then "death" is gain.

All around us in the world, in unnoted homes, there are men, women, and children, too, living nobly, manifesting the Christ-like character, the spirit and the life of Christ, and often with surroundings very terrible.

We have known and read of the death of "the righteous."

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv.: 13.

Blessed are they who sing God's praises as they pass through the world; and when they die, like Much-afraid, in *Pilgrim's Progress*, "go through the river singing."

Hereafter, they shall stand upon the sea of glass, having the harps of God in their hands, and singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

"Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, Thou King of saints."—Rev. xv.: 3.

"Blessing and honor, and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne forever, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."—Rev. v.: 13.

"There are saint-like lives and martyr deaths which are not recorded, and are worth all the more in heaven's sight, because unsustained by human admiration; men that have given ambition's hopes, because the paths of success were crooked and evil; they who, out of their necessities, have still found something with which, in Christ's name, to help those still poorer; gentle and believing hearts, that bear for others what they would not for themselves; energetic and heroic hearts, that do for others what they would not for themselves: the multitudes scattered among a myriad homes, whose lives, however imperfect, are governed by an habitual reference to the Christian law."—"*Between the Lights.*"

Thus, to such, "to live was Christ," and to die is "gain."

There are those unnumbered as the sands upon the seashore to whom death was gain.

Let us strive to live Christ, and we shall die "the death of the righteous," and strive to live as beneath the eye of God. "Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's" and our life should be spent in his service, daily given into the Saviour's keeping, and marked by our intimate communion with our Saviour. This is no fable; from multitudes, both in heaven, and on earth, to-day, goes up the glad testimony that this saying is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth

us from all sin." We would live Christ, then let us be much in prayer, and in the attitude of listening. Let our guns be always loaded. When we meet our game, aim at it, and shoot it instantly; for our game will never wait for us. When we meet with any occasion to do good to another, don't let it go; for we may never have the occasion again. To shoot wild game is a mere pleasure, but to shoot men for our Master is a grave business. Let our guns be first loaded with living powder and bullets from on high, and be always ready. Many hunters of men carry their guns unloaded. This explains why Christ's kingdom does not spread faster among men."—*Joseph Necsima.*

"Unto Him that loveth us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, be glory and dominion forever and ever more."

THIRTIETH DAY.

"Hindrances."

THERE is a stone of hindrance in every Christian pathway.

1st. The Walk is Hindered.— By worldly allurements. Lot's wife, looking back to her home, perished. By cherished idols. Jacob's caravan was stopped for the little images Rachel had secreted.— Gen. xxxi.: 25. By failings of other Christians. How often it is said: Jeroboam, the Son of Nebat, caused Israel to sin. They need not have followed him, but loved to do so.

2nd. The world is Hindered.— By circumstances. Sometimes God hinders, as when He brought the Israelites to the Red sea, and hemmed them in on every side.— Exod. xiv.: 2-10. By discouragment from friends, as when Judah discouraged Nehemiah. Neh. iv.: 10. By opposition from foes, as when Samballat and Tobiah, and Greshem derided the building up of Jerusalem.

3rd. The testimony is hindered.— By personal sins, as when Lot seemed to mock his sons-in-law. His character had been too worldly for them to believe him. The reverse is also true. Had not the little maid of Naaman been a child of marked veracity and good behaviour, her extraordinary testimony to the cure of leprosy never would have influenced kings and courtiers to undertake the long, expensive journey to Samaria.

4th. The Prayers (Desires) are Hindered.—By lack of knowledge. "They found the stone already rolled away."

— Mark xvi. : 4. Mary and Martha had not heard Jesus say, "Lazarus is dead, and I am glad for your sake that I was not there."— John xi. : 15.

Had they, their faith would have revived. By evil angels, Daniel subsequently learned why he was left to pray and fast for three whole weeks. An evil angel defied him and it took Michael, and another strong one, one and twenty days to resist him, and prevail for Daniel—Dan. x. : 2-3. 12-14. Why may not the same be true now? By unbelief. —Luke i. : 18-20, John xi. : 40. The priestly intercession of Jesus will cleanse the daily walk. The Spirit within us will give energy and direction for work.

"Knowledge of the word will furnish matter for testimony. Love for Christ will prompt earnest, constant prayer." — *Bible Briefs.*

We meet "various hindrances," within and without, and we are continually discouraged in our pilgrimage, in our efforts to live that one word "Christ."

But we shall meet and conquer in His power foes within and foes without; we shall combat the sins which "doth so easily beset us."

If our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts; and if we are sincere in our desire to love God, and to love our neighbor as ourselves, we shall "become more than conquerors though Him who loveth us," and whose blood cleanseth (*i. e.*, and goes on cleansing) us from all sin. Life may become simplified for us, business worries, cares for house and raiment, envious criticisms, petty oppositions, failures, discouragements, disappointments, interruptions, "all shall work together for our good," when we love God with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength, and with all our mind. God, we pray Thee, imbue us with Thine own Spirit of Love, Purity and Power, until we shall love Thee with all our heart, soul, strength, and

mind; imbue and permeate us, until we shall cease to think of self, and cease to live for self, and live for Thee, and in Thee, the Triune God of Love, only.

"The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion."— *Longfellow.*

"Whatever happens to me each day is my 'daily bread,' provided I do not refuse to take it from Thy hand, and to feed upon it."— *Fenelow.*

"What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the Mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer;
But wishes to be often there!

Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have you no words? Ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord hath done for me.'"

—*Cowper.*

We had better take the hint.

Our surroundings may very largely be made for us, but our Father must always be greater than His creation.

"We must advance, with Him, who is Light, more and more into the light. 'He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself so to walk, even as he walked.' Progress, growth in grace, is an instant duty. What a beautiful figure! Step by step, like the beautiful rythym of a soldier's march behind his commander. "I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of,' said old Stand-fast, in the Pilgrim's story. as he stopped half way across the river of death; 'and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there have I coveted to set my foot, too; yea, my steps hath He strengthed in His way."—*C. S. Robinson, D. D.*

"O thou unpolished shaft, why leave the quiver?
O thou blunt axe, what forest canst thou hew?
Unsharpen'd sword, canst thou the oppressed deliver?
Go back to thine own maker's forge anew.

Wait the appointed time for work appointed,
Lest by the tempters wiles thou be ensnared;
Fresh be the oil wherewith thou art anointed;
Let God prepare thee for the work prepared."

—"*The Beautiful Gate.*"

"It is evident that when Jesus had a day of crisis or of difficult duty before Him, He gave Himself specially to prayer. Would it not simplify our difficulties if we attacked them in the same way? It would infinitely increase the intellectual insight with which we tried to penetrate a problem, and the power of the hand we lay upon a duty. The wheels of existence would move far more smoothly, and our purposes travel more surely to their aims, if every morning we reviewed beforehand the duties of the day with God."—*James Stalker, D. D.*

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

"Five Places."

1st. "On the hands of Jesus."—"Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands."—Isaiah xlix. : 16.

This was spoken of the literal Jerusalem, yet is true of God's people in Jesus Christ. Hands were branded in servitude. Jesus is the church's servant. He said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God!" "He took upon Him the form of a servant."—Phil. iv. : 7. Cattle were branded for ownership. Jesus, like the patient ox, bears His people's burdens. They own Him, their Lord. He invites them to yoke up with Him in service.—Matt. xi. : 28. The hand is the instrument of power. The hand is continually before the eye. On the hands of Jesus we are in the place of security and constant remembrance.

2nd. On the shoulders of Jesus.—"And thou shalt put the two stones upon the shoulders of the ephod for stones of memorial unto the children of Israel; and Aaron shall bear their names before the Lord, upon his two shoulders, for a memorial."—Ex. xxviii. : 12.

"What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing."—Luke xv. : 4-5.

The shoulders is the place of strength. It symbolizes the places of common Christian standing. On the high priest's shoulders Israel knew no tribal distinction. They

were all alike engraven on the two fiery onyx. So the church has one common birth-right. One blood redeems, one Spirit justifies, one common inheritance is given to all the saved.

3rd. On the Heart of Jesus.—"And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in into the holy place for a memorial before the Lord continually."—Exod. xxviii.: 29.

The heart is the seat of solace and tenderness. Jesus was made like unto His brethren, that He might be touched with their infirmities. In the breastplate each tribe had its own peculiar stone shining out in its own special lustre. So each Christian is a solitary identity, having his own individual gift, and duty, and honor before the Lord.

The shoulder-stones and breast-stones were united by a chain of gold and lacing of blue. This illustrates how both power and grace are pledged to uphold God's children. Hence the double exhortation: "Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."—Eph. vi.: 10.

"Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."—2 Tim. ii.: 1.

"When John looked to see a lion he beheld a lamb, and that weak animal standing in the midst of a throne as the emblem of authority."—Rev. v.: 5-6.

4th. At the feet of Jesus.—Two reasons for being at any one's feet are given in Scripture, either in prostration or in communion. The Shunemite cast herself at Gehazi's feet in adoration. Ruth was at the feet of Boaz as a beggar. Esther was at Ahasuerus' feet in supplication. Paul was at Gamaliel's feet as a learner. The Demoniac was at Jesus' feet in gratitude. Mary was at His feet in communion. John was at His glorious feet in fear. Mary's approved work showed how suitable was her place at the

Lord's feet. Ruth's persistency and Esther's humility were both rewarded. These are types for Christian imitation.

5th. In Heavenly places with Jesus.—We are identified with Him in all things. We died with Him, we rose with Him, we live with Him, we shall be glorified together with Him.

As He is actually in heaven now so our thoughts, our joys, our purposes, should actually bear the stamp of heaven, and be energized with the life of heaven. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. iii. : 1-4.

Five points are the sum of all this: (1) Power is in the hand of Jesus. (2) Safety is on the shoulder of Jesus. (3) Comfort is in the heart of Jesus. (4) Knowledge is found at the feet of Jesus. (5) Hope centres in heaven, where Jesus is.—*From Bible Briefs.*

"Behold I have engraved thee upon the palms of my hands."—Isaiah xlix. : 16.

"May the pleasure of the Lord prosper in our hands through our Saviour and King."—Isaiah liii. : 10.

"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it."—Psalm xc. : 17.

"The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and He shall dwell between His shoulders."—Deut. xxxiii. : 12.

We who are "graven upon the palms of His hands" are the "beloved of the Lord" and shall "dwell in safety."

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."—Matt. v. : 8.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you;" let us seek to dwell continually in the very heart of God. Shall we not seat ourselves through the merits of His blood which "cleanseth us" at His feet and listen and learn of Jesus, the meek and lowly in heart.

"And in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, our Saviour, may we be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we might be filled with all the fulness of God. Now, unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. Unto Him be glory in the church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."—Eph. iii.: 18, 21.

"My times are in Thy hand;
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

My times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

My times are in Thy hand;
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

My times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced,
Is now my guard and guide.

My times are in Thy hand,
I'll always trust in Thee;
And after death at Thy right hand
I shall forever be. —*Bonar.*

FIRST SUNDAY.

Coming.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."—Mark xiii. : 35.

"It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight,
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long, bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet:
Therefore, I tell you: watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky,
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand.
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burns low and red,

And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed:
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The river's chill,
And my morning star is fading, fading
Over the hill:
Behold, I say unto you: watch;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

It may be in the morning
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done;
But remember, that I may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
Forever more;

As you work, your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come.

So he passed down the cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till he came to the turn of the little road,
Where the birch and the laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up his hands in blessings—
Then I saw his face no more.

And I stood still in the door-way,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall;
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering,
When he would come back for me:
Till I was aware of an angel,
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage,
Toward the garden gate—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun,
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate,)—
And he paused before the door,
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.
'Weep not,' he said, 'for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet,

Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not,
He will come.

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
'Surely it is the shining of His face!'
And look unto the gates of His high place,
Beyond the sea;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
If He is come;
And the Angel answers sweetly
In my home;
'Only a few more shadows,
And He will come.'" —*B. M.*

SECOND SUNDAY.

Emmanuel's Land.

Samuel Rutherford, a man of great learning and talents, was first a Professor in the University of Edinburgh, then minister of the Parish of Anworth, and subsequently Professor of theology at St. Andrews, in Scotland. At one time he was imprisoned for the name of Jesus. His death-bed was as remarkable as his life had been. Some of his dying expressions are preserved by Mr. Fleming, in his *Fulfilling of Scripture*, who thus concludes his narrative: "And thus, full of the Spirit, yea, as it were, overcome with sensible enjoyment, he breathed out his soul, his last words being: 'Glory, Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.'"

Glory, Glory Dwelleth in Emmanuel's Land.

I.

"The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks.
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn, awakes!
Dark, dark, hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

II.

Oh, well it is forever!
Oh, well forever more!
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death doomed shore.

Yea, let the vain world vanish,
As from the ship the strand,
While glory, glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

III.

There the Red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartsome bloom
And fills the air of Heaven
With ravishing perfume:
Oh, to behold its blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned
While glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

IV.

The King there in His beauty,
Without a vail, is seen:
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between,
The lamb, with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

V.

Oh, Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

VI.

E'en Anworth was not heaven—
E'en preaching was not Christ;
And in my sea-beat prison
My Lord and I held tryst:

And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
  Was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling
  In Immanuel's land.

VII.

But that He built a heaven
  Of His surpassing love,
A little new Jerusalem,
  Like to the one above—
'Lord take me o'er the waters,'
  Had been my loud demand;
'Take me to love's own country,
  Unto Immanuel's land.'

VIII.

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
  The moonlight and the dew;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
  His shining oft withdrew:
And then, for cause of absence
  My troubled soul I scanned—
But glory, shadeless, shineth
  In Immanuel's land.

IX.

The little birds at Anworth
  I used to count them blest,
Now, beside happier altars
  I go to build my nest:
O'er these there broods no silence,
  No graves around them stand,
For glory, deathless, dwelleth
  In Immanuel's land.

X.

Fair Anworth by the Solway
  To me thou still art dear,
E'en from the verge of Heaven
  I drop for thee a tear;

Oh, if one soul from Anworth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's land.

XI.

I've wrestled on towards Heaven
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide:
Now like a weary traveller,
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening
While sinks life's lingering sand
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

XII.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp:
Now, these lie all behind me—
Oh for a well-tuned harp!
Oh to join Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing, where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

XIII.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

XIV.

Soon shall the cup of glory
Wash down earth's bitterest woes,
Soon shall the desert's brier
Break into Eden's rose;

The curse shall change to blessing,
The name on earth that's banned,
Be graven on the white stone
In Immanuel's land.

XV.

Oh, I am my Beloved's
And my Beloved's mine
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His 'house of wine'!
I stand upon His merit
And know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

XVI.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus
Filled with His likeness rise,
To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes:
'Tween me and resurrection
But Paradise doth stand;
Then,—then for glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

XVII.

The bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear bridegroom's face,
I will not gaze at glory
But on my King of Grace,
Not at the crown he giveth
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

XVIII.

I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame;
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,
For Christ's thrice blessed name:
Where God's seal set the fairest,
They've stamped their foulest brand;
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's land.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Knocking, ever knocking.

[Suggested by one of Hunt's Pictures, "The Light of the World."]—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."

"Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
Who is there?
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before;—
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,
Undo the door.

No! that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
Bid him go.
Wherefore with that knocking dreary,
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
Say — Him — no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking?
What! Still there?
Oh, sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crowned hair;
And those eyes, so strange and tender,
Waiting there;
Open! Open! Once behold Him—
Him, so fair!

Ah, that door! Why wilt Thou vex me,
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
Many-fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years and years before,
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking, knocking! What? still knocking!
He still there?
What's the hour? The night is waning—
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad unrest!
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me!
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest!
Give me rest:
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure—
Dream'd of gifts and golden treasure,
Dream'd of jewels thy keeping,
Waked to weariness of weeping;—
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy nights of dreams is over,—
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming!

Did she open? Doth she? Will she?
So, as wondering we behold,
Grows the picture to a sign,
Press'd upon your soul and mine;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door;—
The forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed-bejangled,
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten;—
There the pierced hand still knocketh,
And with ever patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crowned hair,—
Still a God is waiting there."

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Not Knowing.

"I know not what shall befall me! God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And thus each step of my onward path He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread on another year
But the past is in God's keeping, the future His mercy shall clear
And what looks dark in the distance, may brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreadful future is less bitter than I think:
The Lord may sweeten the waters before I stoop to drink.
Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside their brink.

It may be He keeps waiting till the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so strangely sweet
That my lips shall only tremble with the thanks they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance! 'Tis blessed not to know;
It stills me in those mighty arms which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom which loves me so!

So I go on not knowing; I would not if I might:
I would rather walk in the dark with God, than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back, with the whispered word, 'He knows'."

— *From "The Shadow of the Rock."*

"Nobody Knows but Jesus."

I.

"'Nobody knows but Jesus'!
'Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,
But it comes again and again.

II.

I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed,

III.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

IV.

'Nobody knows but Jesus!'
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know?

V.

When the sorrow is a secret
Between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
Of his quick sympathy.

VI.

Whether it be so heavy,
That dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden
They could not come and share;

VII.

Whether it be so tiny,
That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble,
And seem so real to me;

VIII.

Either, and both, I lay them
Down at my Master's feet,
And find them, alone with Jesus,
Mysteriously sweet.

IX.

Sweet, for they bring me closer
To the dearest truest Friend;
Sweet, for He comes the nearer,
As 'neath the cross I bend;

X.

Sweet, for they are the channels
Through which his teachings flow;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets
His heart of love I know.

XI.

'Nobody knows but Jesus!'
It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours
It will chime along the way.

XII.

'Nobody knows but Jesus!'
My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow
That no one knows but Thou."

—*From Loyal Responses.*

FIFTH SUNDAY.

The Celestial Country.

Written by St. Bernard of Cheny in 1150 and translated by J. M. Neale in 1851.

The world is very evil!
The times are waxing late;
Be sober, and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy.
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right,
When the just and gentle monarch
Shall summon from the tomb.
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening
That knows no moon nor sun,
The night so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole-Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father
Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its rays
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph

The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—
Yes, calm! for storm is past,—
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace — but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be for the earth:
The palace that re-echoes
With festal song and mirth:
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high:
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The Halls of Zion know:

O happy, holy portion,
  Refection for the blest:
True vision of true beauty,
  Sweet cure of all distress!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
  Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
  Till hope be lost in sight:
Till Jesus gives the portion
  Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
  The full, yet craving still.
That fulness and that craving
  Alike are free from pain,
Where thou midst heavenly citizens,
  A home like their's shalt gain.
Here is the war-like trumpet,
  There, life set free from sin,
When to the last Great Supper
  The faithful shall come in.
When the heavenly net is laden
  With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fulness,
  Yet so involate:
And the perfect from the shattered,
  And the fallen from them that stand
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd
  Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment.
  And those shall triumph, then;
The new pecular nation,
  Blest number of blest men.
Jerusalem demands them:
  They paid the price on earth
And now shall reap the harvest
  In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
  Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
  The King, the Crucified:
The sacred ransomed number

Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watch-word
Of Jesus Nazarine:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where foul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day:
And through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are turned to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above.
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy country,
True Israelites! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care,
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there,
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'rers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon

Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall
Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses
Upon that heavenly ground:
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin-souls abound.
There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below,
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope.
And Zion in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But He whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have him for their own,
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay;
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away;
And none shall then be jealous,
And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamor, guile — what say I?
All ill, all ill, shall end!
And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,

The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence earthly love is chased
Amidst the happy chorus,
A place however low,
Shall show Him us, and, showing,
Shall satiate evermore.
By hope we struggle onward,
While here we must be fed
By milk, as tender infants,
But there by Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
The morn is bright with gladnsss,
The Cross becomes our harbor,
And we triumph after sadness:
And Jesus to His true ones
Brings trophies fair to see:
And Jesus shall be loved, and
Beheld in Galilee;
Beheld when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
And every ear shall hear it:—
Behold thy King's array.
Behold thy God in beauty,
The Law hath passed away!
Yes! God, my king and portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel,
Forever shall be changed;
Then all the halls of Zion
For aye shall be complete,

And in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear country!
My eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
The happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and light, and rest.
O one, O onely mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jasper glows thy bulwarks.
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardias and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced:
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
The cross is all thy splendor,
The crucified that praise;
His land and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;
Jesus the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court;
The Day-star of salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!

Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile;
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own.
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone;
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect;
And He Himself the mansion
And He the Architect.
The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
The Life where Death is not.
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accent sings,
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy king's,

Jerusalem the golden
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O, I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing them
My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.
They stand those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,

And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The day-light is serene;
The pastures of the Blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.
There is the throne of David,—
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true peculiar vision
Of God omnipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect;
Even now by faith I see thee;
Even here thy walls discern:
To Thee my thoughts are kindled
And strive and pant and yearn.
Jerusalem the only,

That look'st from heaven below
In thee is all my glory;
In thee is all my woe:
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How glorious they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O peace, O Zion,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou city of the Angels!
Thou city of the Lord!
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord! *
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelve-fold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lilies bed of virgins,
The rose's martyrs-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.

And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state;
He Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!

* Decachord. — With reference to the mystical explanation, which seeing in the number *ten* a type of perfection, understands the "instruments of ten strings," of the perfect harmony of Heaven.

O state that fears no strife!
O princely bow'rs! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

Jerusalem, exalting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
I seek not to deny
My Merit is destruction,
A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
I labor night and day.
The best and dearest Father
Who made me and who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
And from defilement laved:
When in his strength I struggle,
For very joy I leap,
When in my sin I totter,
I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
Shall all its love display.
And David's Royal Fountain
Purge every sin away.
O mine, my golden Zion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold:
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be and thou art!

THE END.

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Anderson, Maggie P.
Sick-room thoughts and ...

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